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Vol. CLXXVII No. 2318 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 24 1944

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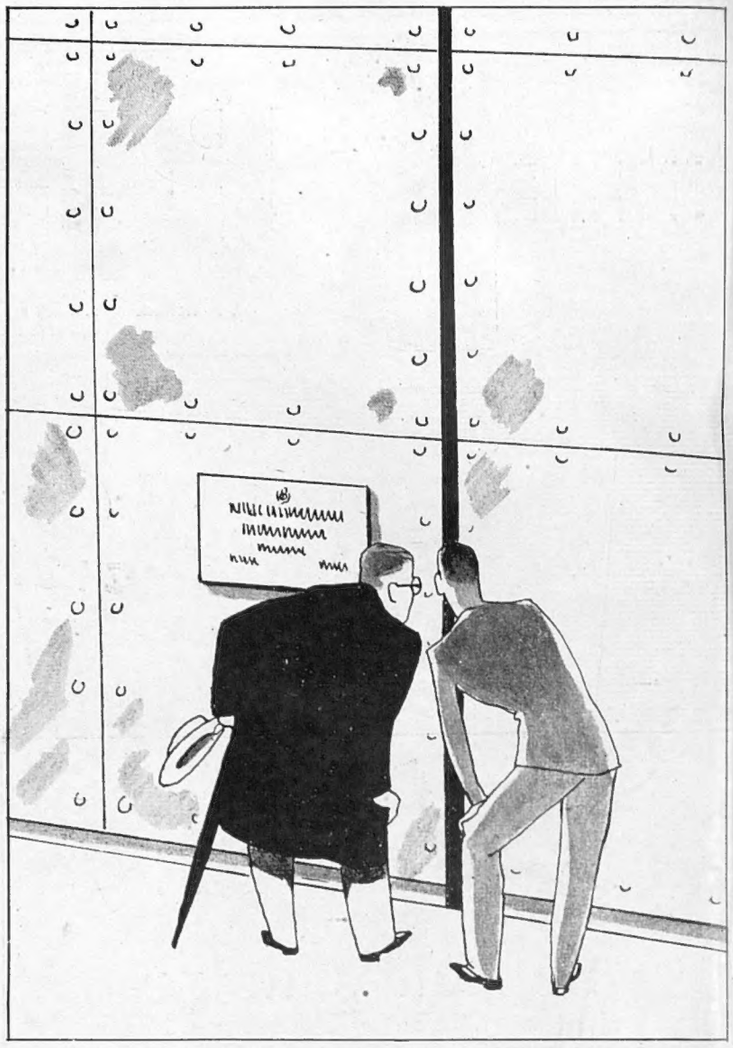

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Volume CLXXVII No. 2318 The SPHERE, London, June 24, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE KING GOES TO FRANCE TO VISIT THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE BEACHHEADS: A picture taken during the Channel crossing, showing the King with Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham on the bridge of the cruiser "Arethusa"

When the King visited the Normandy beachhead, he crossed the Channel in the cruiser *Arethusa*, and then landed on the shore in an amphibious "duck." Less than 6 miles from the front he held an open-air Investiture and inspected some of the men who have been taking part in the operations in France. The last time the King visited that country was in 1939, when he toured the Maginot Line. It was in the early morning that his Majesty was piped aboard the *Arethusa*, the cruiser which led the line of bombarding ships on Invasion Day. Ten minutes later the warship was under way, with two destroyers escorting the ship and flights of Spitfires overhead to provide continuous air cover all day. The King went up on to the bridge and stayed there all the way over: he wore a yellow Mae West over his tunic, and watched through his glasses the endless stream of convoys and craft of every kind in the Channel. Amongst those on the bridge with the King was Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, the First Sea Lord (back to camera). Note the "horseshoe for luck" nailed up above the bridge on the left

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 251

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Secret Weapon.—When the assessment is made of the causes of the failure of the Germans in the Second World War, their lack of relevance and mania for side-issues will be among the list. With all their competence under iron discipline, they and their leaders were nasty urchins to the end in practice and mentality. I have not yet seen their robot flying bomb—whether winged cigar or dagger belching smoke by day and fire by night—and we have no means of judging its accuracy. It appears to be launched vaguely in the direction of built-up areas. Until the Nazis can prove that it can be aimed accurately to hit and blast an isolated plane factory in, say, Southern England (if such there be), it should (logically) rather estop them from deploring our "terror raids on civilians." But Nazi logic and Nazi propaganda never yet shared the same bed. I agree (at least) with the Minister of Home Security that meanwhile we should go about our business. I could have thought of that. I think this dagger at the heart of England will be blunted more easily than the U-boat or the magnetic mine. I even believe that events in Normandy are of greater significance.

Last Views.—My very last look at the map of Normandy led to the guess that the Americans might seal off the Cherbourg peninsula, or at least isolate Cherbourg, before our swift pincers succeed in nipping off Caen and establishing a continuous line well south of it. It didn't look to be so from the shading of the map, I agree. The black beachhead on the peninsula on June 15 represented but a fifth part of it, and the Americans were meeting stiff opposition in Montebourg; while the punches at Aunay and Troan made Caen look blue on the map. Nevertheless, I would not now wonder if Cherbourg is not liquidated first. The Germans, at present under stress of air bombing, can't get, or be, everywhere, and their Panzers are certainly just now mostly massed south of Caen. I have not from the first got any definite hints of the position of things along the west coast of the Cherbourg peninsula. On D-Day +1 we heard reports of strong airborne Allied forces in the neighbourhood of Lessay. We never had news of them again; or of any serious opposition to the Germans astride or west of the Cherbourg—junction of Portbail-to-Carentan railway. And I assume that naval intervention in the bay *west* of the peninsula is not feasible at present.

Pray for Clear Skies.—The technique of warfare constantly changes. That is one reason why I often say that no nation, even one intent on aggression, is ever ready for war when war is declared. Unreadiness for war is an inexorable rule, not a cause of blame alone. The technique of war is invented as it goes. Time was when we might have prayed for mist and fogs for a surprise amphibious landing. Nowadays we make the venture at full moon and low tide, and ask for clear skies. Air superiority alone can justify the choice of these conditions, or most of them. As we learned at the landings at Salerno and Anzio it is a race for the first vital days and weeks between attacker and defender in the massing of men and material necessary to spring forward or to drive back into the sea. If the clouds do not prevent, we have a vast superiority in the air capable of guarding 4,000 ships in Seine Bay and the Channel, and of blocking, delaying, smashing and strafing the enemy's communications and the assembly of his counter-attack forces. I confess (in my ignorance) I am not one of those who believe that the Nazis are already *knocked out of the sky*. I still believe he is holding his hand patiently with no inconsiderable forces not only of fighters but of bombers. I do not think we have heard the last of big *Luftwaffe* attacks, though he may be pressed already for oil and in production of planes. Clearly, he anticipates other landings and must hold his hand and reserves till the last possible moment. Clear skies, meanwhile, will be our surest hope of winning the first round in this crucial phase of the battle. I rather think it is already won; a beachhead 60 or 70 miles long and up to 20 miles deep (with big possibilities of pinching out the whole Cotentin peninsula) is the latest news I can go to press with.

ISIGNY: THE INHABITANTS OF A LIBERATED FRENCH TOWN CELEBRATE THEIR FREEDOM FROM THE GERMAN YOKE. Crowds gather in the square as news gets around that General de Gaulle is to pay a visit to the town within twenty minutes, after his tour of Bayeux. A "Flower-girl committee" is quickly organised and starts off with a nucleus of seven small children—and, once again, the Tricolour appears in Isigny (*See also p. 389 of this issue*)

Good News from Other Fronts.—From Italy the news is very good. Five enemy formations are retiring in disintegration or some disorder before Alexander's splendidly trained and equipped army. Where natural obstacles do not favour defence, on the west side, progress has been rapid indeed, and the full effect of air and sea supremacy is being revealed. On the east side the progress is not so swift, but the enemy's left flank is compelled to give ground to conform with the swift retreat of his right, and our air superiority makes that retreat through passes and bottlenecks a costly business in material at least. It is clear that the Fifth and Eighth Armies mean to keep the enemy on the run, until at least (it is to be hoped devoutly) Florence is passed or by-passed and spared, like Rome, from the dangers of war. In my opinion, there is more concentrated cultural treasure in Florence than in any comparable area of sprawling Rome. It must be the prayer of all civilised men that our armies maintain the present impetus to the line of the Po. It is probable that before this note is printed the Russian summer campaign will have begun in earnest and on a grand scale. Then, at any rate, we shall not theorise about Hitler's "policy" of denuding his armies of air support in order to maintain large strategic air reserves. Already the German-Finnish front has cracked. When Russia, and Alexander, Montgomery, Tito, and perhaps another of Eisenhower's lieutenants are all hammering full-blast from east, south, west and even north, the *Luftwaffe* will be stretched to sheer impotence in three out of five of its vital battlefields. The logic of mathematics makes that at least certain. And for a sixth battle-front there is always our bombing routine on German industry all over Europe.

The Noose Tightens.—Already the noose tightens. Normandy is infectious. The war of nerves for Hitler is no longer an exercise in the theory of strategic reserves. It is an exercise in the practice of moving them. The war of nerves still goes on. The warning to the fishermen of Norway, Denmark, Holland and the whole of France to return to harbour was clearly as much an item of the war of nerves as of the war of brass tacks. The Nazi General Staff must be swivel-eyed and rubber-necked. Already engaged in Italy, and well north in Italy, in Normandy, in Yugoslavia, it has news now that Russia is advancing into Finland and that the Eastern Front is bubbling from Leningrad to Bessarabia, ready to boil over in any of four vital sectors. Italy is going badly for the Nazis, their withdrawal is swift and very expensive and out of hand. An eye must be kept on Corsica, which is becoming a dangerous jumping-off ground for a new diversion, eastward or northward between Marseilles and Genoa. The Nazis themselves are anxious about Brest, having "discovered" armadas massed over against this other attractive peninsula. And the fishermen's warning is a gipsy's warning, with a writ which runs from Lofoten round to Nice. In the enslaved countries also, the underground movement is beginning to push up heads like daffodils under a spring sun. There are reports of trouble in Toulouse and Limoges and Grenoble. The campaign in Finland may intensify Scandinavian underground activity, never dormant. Already the noose is tightening, and the neck of Nazism will need to be of more than ersatz rubber and the Nazi spirit more than synthetic.

The Sober Truth.—The *Washington Post*, in a leader on Rome's capture, put the sober truth with a conclusion for Americans. It began by saying that to-day the U.S. had over 5,000,000 trained men serving outside its borders. Magnificent achievement, indeed; but turn the medal over. It has taken three years to get us where we are, and even to-day the problem would be impossible if, in the European theatre, the bulk of the German Army were not facing Russia, and that army (all told) still in excess of 5,000,000 trained men. This (says *W.P.* to Americans) is a sobering thought. It should for ever dispel any doubts whether co-operation or isolation is the post-war ticket for U.S. foreign policy. The victory we hope to win would have been beyond our powers (says *W.P.*), but for the Allies, who made it possible for us to build up our strength in security and at leisure. As an Englishman, I say this covers the ground. It is clear as print for Americans. The implications should be clear between the lines to Britain and Russia. As an Englishman, I add on our part this comment: I have said before, and I say again, that when Mr. Churchill in 1940 said to the U.S. "Give us the tools and we will do the job," he spoke the bravest and wildest bluff in all history. Has it an equal? Well, perhaps the L.D.V. of 1940-41.

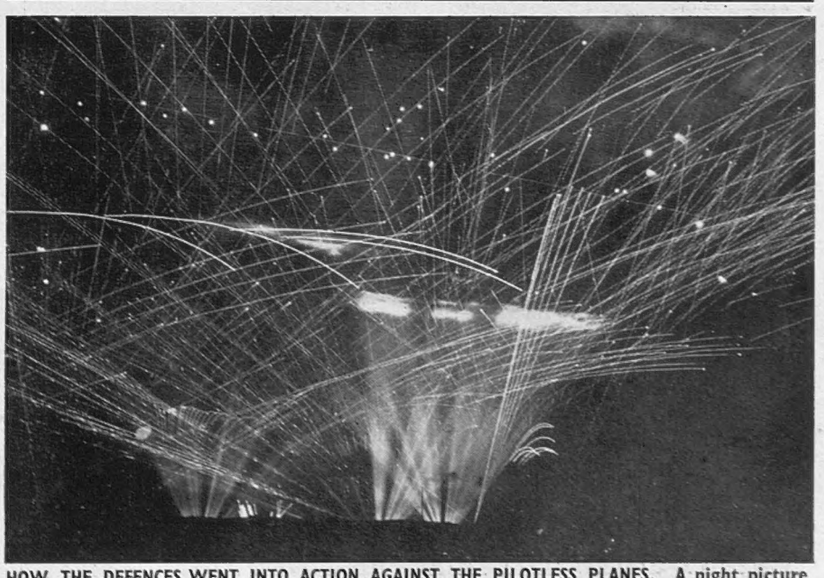
Premier's Holiday.—That Mr. Churchill would take the earliest possible opportunity for a "quiet holiday on the pleasure coast of Normandy," none who has summed up his character—in or outside Parliament—doubted for a moment. For all of us it was a question only of "to-day or to-morrow?" And, needless to say, our Peter Pan "exposed himself" as in the days of Sidney Street and comparative youth. In his travelling plane, he takes his trick at the joy-stick. In the warship which took him to Normandy, he was doubtless in a turret whose guns were firing on enemy positions. In short, he has now qualified for the Normandy medal. He deserves it. But do we? No man is indispensable. The nation that admits that admits that it is going downhill. But W. S. C. is a master-key man, and might quite well have met his ticket from a bomb, a booby-trap or a Nazi lady-sniper. He takes risks. I don't blame him. He must have delighted men of the three Services on the Normandy front who saw him there. It would not surprise me if before the end he dropped an egg on Berlin.

THE OLD STAGER

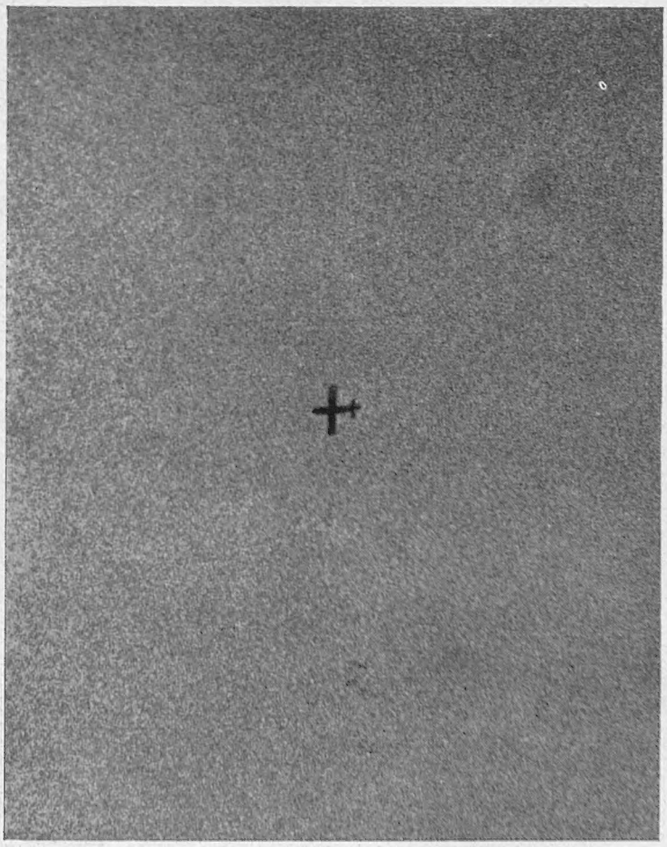
A NIGHT IMPRESSION OF THE NEW WEAPON, JUST AT THE MOMENT WHEN IT IS BEGINNING ITS DIVE TO EARTH. The engine is housed in the nose, the rocket propellant is contained in a unit above the tailplane. The glow witnessed by observers on the ground comes from this propelling unit. Just before the plane begins its dive to earth, a shower of sparks seems to be emitted from the tail, followed by a cloud of smoke. Then the light, or glow, dies out and the contraption (in reality, a winged bomb) hurtles to the ground—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The GERMAN PILOTLESS PLANES, The NAZI "SECRET WEAPON"

—How They Have Been Operating Against Southern England



HOW THE DEFENCES WENT INTO ACTION AGAINST THE PILOTLESS PLANES. A night picture showing British flak and searchlights during a shoot whilst one of the new German weapons was passing over Southern England



A PICTURE OF THE PILOTLESS PLANE, TAKEN IN THE DAYLIGHT three seconds before it began its dive to earth. In appearance it resembles a miniature Spitfire: it is 16 ft. in width and has a length of 25 ft. 4½ in. In Germany it is known as the "Kivik Rocket": several of these flying bombs are reported to have come down in Sweden recently, presumably during experimental flights

The pilotless plane, which is in reality a "winged bomb," is admitted by the Germans to be one of their "secret weapons." Apparently it is being launched from some point on the French coast: once in the air, it rapidly attains its proper height and then follows a pre-determined course.

The general appearance of the planes is shown in the drawing by Mr. Roland Davies reproduced above, which depicts one of them by night just at the moment before its rapid descent towards the earth. Many of them have also been observed by daylight, and on several occasions R.A.F. fighters have dived on to them in attempts to make a "kill."

The planes seem to be painted a dark brown or black: smoke issues from them in small thick puffs, attuned to the throb which can be heard by observers on the ground. Some people have described the machines as "flashing like a light across the sky and sounding like a crashing aeroplane," as "looking like a ball of fire before exploding," and "like a dagger tearing through the air, handle first."

In Germany, they are known as "Kivik Rockets." Apparently the experiments in connection with them were carried out in North Germany, as a number of them are known to have come down in Sweden recently

The ALLIED ARMIES in FRANCE—Scenes in Normandy as the Troops Push Forward Against the Germans

AMERICAN TROOPS MEET THE LOCAL BELLES IN THE TOWN SQUARE. These soldiers had just finished rounding up a group of German prisoners, captured in the swift advance of the Allies: the men (to judge from their clothing) are paratroops—and objects of delighted interest to the local inhabitants, young and old

GOOD NEWS FOR THE PEOPLE OF BEUVILLE. The town crier is beating his drum to summon the inhabitants to hear his announcement—that meat and butter rations will be issued by the Allied Forces. Two British soldiers stand by to hear him speak, and a well-dressed group of Normans has already gathered round

ON THE WAY TO TILLY-SUR-SUELLES: Sherman tanks passing through a damaged French village in the Caen sector. It was towards Tilly that General Montgomery pushed out a great armoured spearhead, to encircle the town of Caen and to drive a wedge in the German panzers

BRITISH GUNS MOVE UP TO THE BATTLE AREA. Since Bayeux fell on June 8, British troops have been consolidating their position and moving southwards. Here an Anti-Tank Regiment are moving a 6-pounder gun to an advanced position. Much heavy equipment is now arriving

YOUNG BOYS AMONG THE CAPTURED GERMANS. Two youthful Nazis, who appear to be about fourteen years of age but who declared they were eighteen, wait with some hundreds other captured prisoners for shipment to England and internment. One of them had a wound in the head

AMONGST THE FIRST PRISONERS TO BE BROUGHT IN. These men, some of them wounded and supported by their comrades, were captured by British Commandos. All were taken down to the cages on the beaches for shipment across the Channel in returning landing craft

THE LEADER OF THE FRENCH FORCES WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BAYEUX followed by an enthusiastic crowd of his fellow-countrymen. This was his first visit to France since the German occupation. Later he addressed the people of the liberated town before returning to this country by destroyer, as he had arrived

GENERAL DE GAULLE LANDS in FRANCE

THE MOMENT AFTER THE GENERAL LANDED : Talking to British and French officers on the Normandy beach

General de Gaulle landed in France on June 14, stepping on French soil on a Normandy beach for the first time since the Germans occupied his country. He crossed the Channel on board the destroyer *La Combattante*, and was accompanied by French army and naval officers. Later he visited General Montgomery and inspected some of the British troops in the bridgehead. Soon after his arrival, General de Gaulle drove out to Bayeux, which was captured by us on June 8. Here he was greeted by enthusiastic crowds, who followed him through the streets and crowded round to hear him declare that the full sovereignty of France would be affirmed on every inch of reconquered ground

AN EMOTIONAL MOMENT DURING THE GENERAL'S VISIT TO BAYEUX. He stops to speak to a Norman woman on his way to address the townsfolk. He was instantly recognised everywhere and received a tumultuous reception : every street through which he passed was in an uproar of excitement

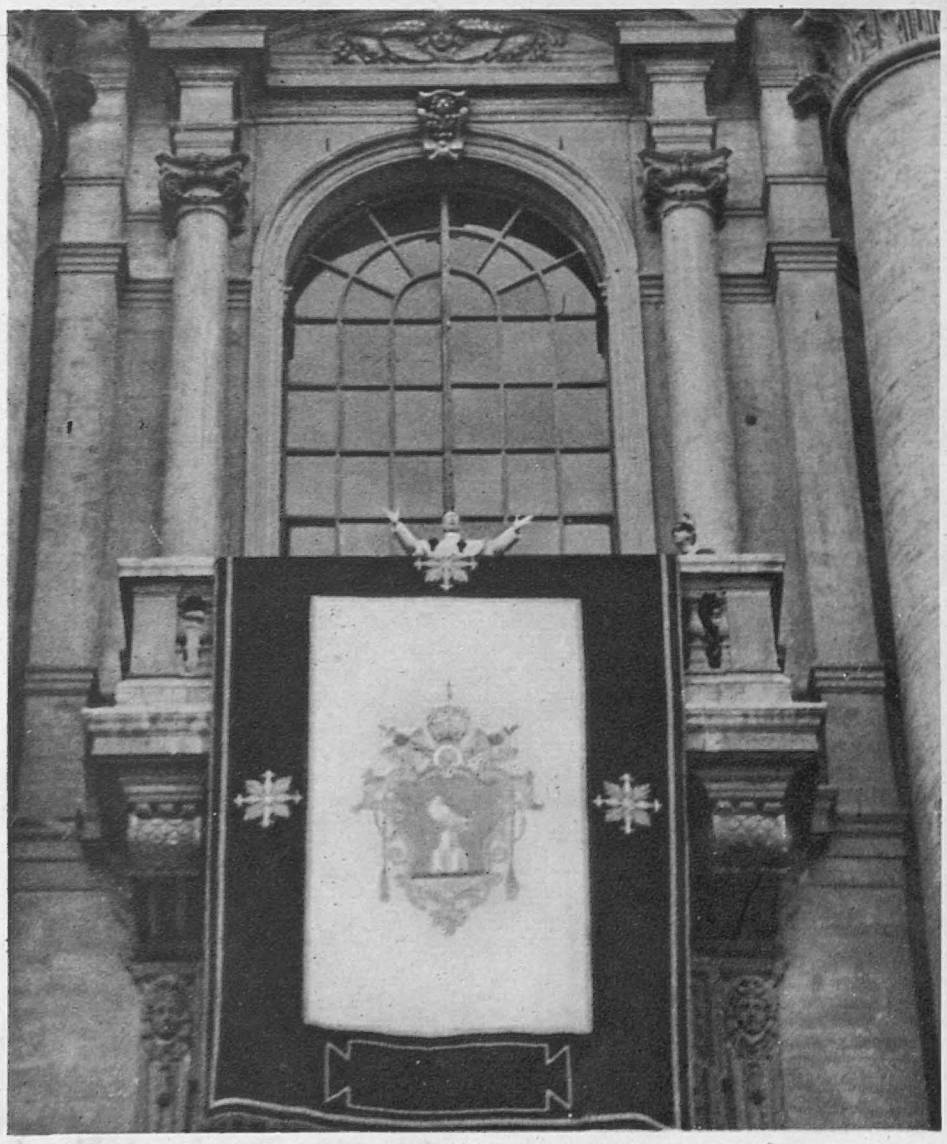
b

HOW ROME FELL TO THE ALLIES

—On June 4, 1944

Pictures Taken After the Occupation of the Italian Capital by British and American Troops of the Fifth Army

GENERAL MARK CLARK, LEADER OF THE FIFTH ARMY, speaks to an Italian priest from his jeep near the famous St. Peter's in Rome : On June 4, twelve days after the launching of the Allied offensive from the Anzio Beachhead (on May 23), Allied troops entered the Italian capital. Fighting in the outskirts throughout June 3, they crossed the city's boundaries in the early evening. Picked German troops, left behind with self-propelled guns and long-range artillery, began to collapse the next day; by June 5 the Allied occupation was almost completed. The city was spared the fate of becoming a battleground by the strength of the Allied pressure from the south, which forced the Germans to withdraw hurriedly leaving great quantities of war material behind them. As the Allied troops advanced through the streets of Rome the populace acclaimed them with overwhelming enthusiasm



THE POPE GIVES THANKS FOR THE LIBERATION OF ROME from the balcony of St. Peter's. The scene as Pius XII addressed the great crowd in the Piazza below (which included many soldiers of the Fifth Army) at six o'clock on the evening of June 5. He bestowed his benediction on the people and gave thanks for the safe deliverance of the city

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE POPE SINCE THE EXPULSION OF THE GERMANS : After the reception of 700 American and British soldiers in the Hala Clementina, a very informal scene followed on June 7—two days after the Allied occupation of the city. Cameras clicked and cinemas whirred as the soldiers present made their pictures. The Pope—a slim, white-robed figure—was accompanied by four men of the Noble Guard. This picture was taken as the Pontiff stood on the steps in front of the Throne as he addressed the gathering. Later each soldier was given a small rosary as a keepsake

THE CROWD IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE show great emotion as the Pope appears on the balcony. The two young Italian girls are kneeling in anticipation of the Blessing which followed

HOW THE ALLIED ARMY ENTERED ROME: The scene near the Colosseum, as the jeeps passed through crowds of excited Roman citizens on their way to the centre of the capital. Wherever the American and British troops appeared they were received with cheers, hand-clapping and bouquets by the men and women of Rome. With the freeing of the city from the Nazi yoke, anti-Fascists and Communists again emerged openly after their years of suppression and persecution

THE ENTRY INTO ROME. The Allied tanks pass through the Appian Gate cheered by the populace, who brought out wine and flowers to hand to the tank crews—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker.* In their pursuit of the rapidly retreating Germans, the men of the Fifth Army eventually came up to Rome by way of Highway Seven, better known as the Appian Way. Here at the Appian (or San Sebastiano) Gate, they found a great number of Romans lined up to welcome them. The Carabinieri, or police, had had their authority taken away by the Germans: their reappearance, in their traditional uniforms, to escort the leading tanks, was the signal for a big eruption of joy. Bottles of wine were produced and bouquets of flowers were showered on the Allied soldiers

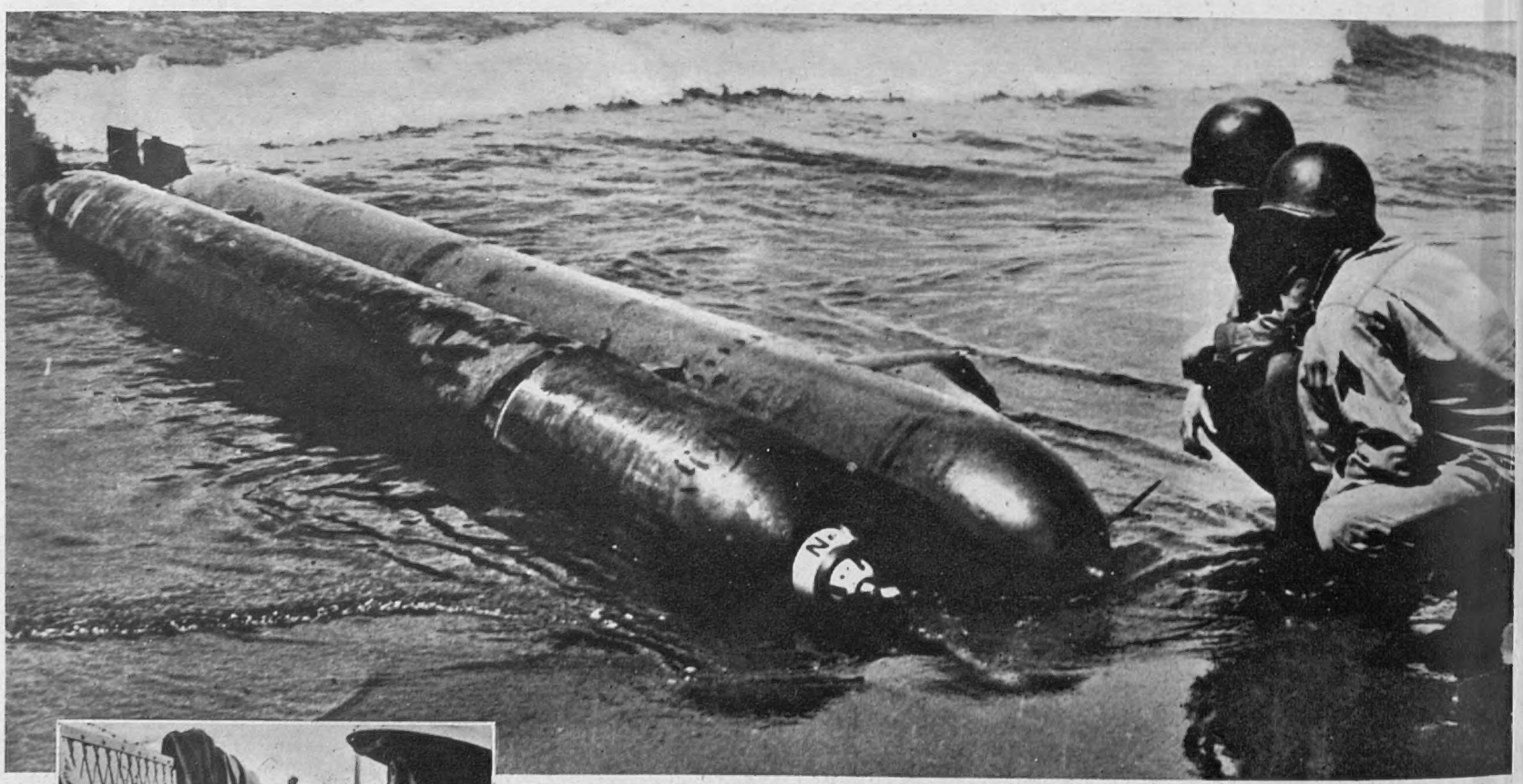
MOPPING UP IN ROME: American infantrymen dash from cover behind a burning German tank to join other troops alongside the buildings as they press towards the heart of the city. Allied armoured vehicles are deployed for possible action in the background

TENSE AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN, preceded by a tank, head for the centre of Rome. They are on the watch for German snipers during the mopping-up operations which continued until the late evening of June 4

BEFORE the FALL of ROME

Scenes During the Pursuit of the Defeated German Army After the Big Break-through

AS THE ALLIED ARMIES NEARED THE ITALIAN CAPITAL : A picture taken from an R.A.F. aircraft on June 4, showing British and American vehicles going into Rome along Highway Six. They are passing the bomb-damaged hangars of Ciampino Airfield, a few miles to the south-east of Rome, which was attacked by Allied aircraft on many occasions. Later in the same day, the whole of the city of Rome was firmly in Allied hands, with the last parties of German snipers rounded up and the last tanks put out of action. As our fresh columns entered the city from the south, other columns were streaming out from the north in pursuit of the fleeing enemy



THE GERMAN VERSION OF THE ONE-MAN SUBMARINE, revealed on the seashore at Anzio

In April last it was announced that four "human torpedoes" had arrived on the beach at Anzio : they were of German manufacture and each was designed to carry one man only, in addition to the torpedo. The above is the first picture to reach this country showing what these "secret weapons" look like. The American officer who first sighted the contraption saw what looked like a porpoise bobbing up and down in the water. A tube with a glass dome was approaching : inside the dome was a man waving his arms frantically. The tube drifted ashore and turned on its side, revealing another tube below attached by struts to the top one. After the dome had been broken, out came a German seaman with submarine rescue apparatus round his neck. He had been dropped from an E-boat farther up the coast and had run out of petrol. The torpedo (on left, above) is about 15 ft. long : above it in the water (seen on the right) is the driving compartment. Both have fins and propellers. Apparently the pilot releases the bottom tube when near the target, and then returns if possible. The tube is about 2 ft. in diameter : the man sits in the forepart of the top tube : both go almost under water, but the wake of the propeller can be seen. On the left is the seventeen-year-old one-man "crew," just after his capture : he said that he had been in the German naval service for only six months

THE FLOODING OF THE PONTINE MARSHES BY THE GERMANS. Although the Appian Way (seen running from left to right in this aerial view) is above water-level, many of the by-roads on either side soon became flooded and large numbers of houses were isolated

The marshes were flooded as soon as the Allied armies launched their big offensive on the Cassino front: the Germans evidently anticipated that the forces within the beach-head at Anzio would break out to join up with the Fifth Army, and they hoped to delay them by putting the low-lying ground under water. The floods extended over many hundreds of acres; but the Appian Way itself stands above the water-level. It was along this great highway that many of the Allied columns moved up towards Rome

HOW THE TROOPS IN THE MOUNTAINS WERE SUPPLIED FROM THE AIR. The Allied forces in the mountainous terrain west of Cassino sprang forward so rapidly that the ordinary supply trains bearing food and ammunition could not reach them in time. Therefore, small parachutes, like those shown above, were utilised to drop supplies. The aircraft engaged on this task were Bostons of the First Tactical Air Force

AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER MOLETTA. Stretcher-bearers of a British regiment fording the stream: British troops in the River Moletta area (on the left of the Anzio beachhead) opened their attack on May 23. The ground consists of sand-dunes covered by scrub: heavy mortar- and shell-fire, and the presence of enemy snipers, made movement of more than a few at a time impossible

THE ADVANCE FROM AQUINO: Fifth Army troops found the bridge over the River Melfa blown, so the infantry waded across—without mishap—and a strong bridgehead was soon built up. Heavy equipment was "eased" over the river after work by the Royal Engineers between the bridge-spans

HOW GREAT DIFFICULTIES DURING THE ADVANCE WERE QUICKLY OVERCOME: This was an important junction on the Canadian front: it was soon jammed with Army supply vehicles, each of which was trying to reach the fighting troops. To facilitate movement at this point the Engineers ran this road across the Rapido River flats, just at the junction of the Liri and Rapido rivers. At once the long lines of traffic began to move, and the jam was sorted out. Soon afterwards the vehicles were rushing along the Road to Rome

A DRAMATIC PICTURE SHOWING HOW AMERICAN TROOPS INVADED WAKDE ISLAND, over 100 miles to the west of Hollandia, along the Dutch New Guinea coast. The second wave of the invasion is here going forward from the big Infantry Landing Craft, with stretcher-bearers going down the ramps and plunging through the surf in the amphibious assault which resulted in the capture of Wakde Island and Sarmi — both important for their strategic air-strips. This invasion took place on May 17 and 18 *(See notes below and on right)*

A VETERAN AT WORK IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC AGAINST THE JAPS: A scene, through a porthole, of the wheelhouse of the U.S.S. *Saratoga*, veteran aircraft-carrier of the American Navy. Peering through another porthole is Captain John H. Cassady: other men are ready at a moment's notice to handle their jobs. The *Saratoga* led a U.S. Task Force which covered the Marine landings on Bougainville in November; then she moved down to Rabaul, to blast the Jap naval base in the raid in the same month; and still later she took part in the Gilbert Islands battle. She is a vessel of 40,000 tons, with a complement of 2,122. She was launched in April 1925, and her normal complement of aircraft is between 81 and 83

THE OTHER WAR—IN THE PACIFIC

New Pictures from Dutch New Guinea, where the Leapfrog Tactics of General MacArthur are Continuing

BALLOONS OF FIRE: Anti-aircraft shells explode like Roman candles around the outline of a Jap fighter plane (upper centre). The aircraft was attempting to attack an American Naval Task Force raiding a Jap base in the Marianas, in the Pacific

Whilst the Invasion of Normandy and the progress of the campaign in Italy are naturally engrossing the main attention of the British public, the war in the Pacific is also progressing favourably. General MacArthur's leapfrog tactics were again exemplified in his assault on Wakde Island and Sarmi: after the capture of Hollandia on April 24, the next leap was made on May 17 to a point over 100 miles to the west. Wakde, close to the mainland, is the next Japanese base along the coast. A landing was made at Arara, on the mainland, and the next day Wakde Island, opposite it, was captured. There was a stiff struggle in a setting of palm-trees and coral beach, with Jap snipers in the tree-tops and in concrete pill-boxes. Once the island was fully occupied, the airfield was soon ready for Allied use.

INVASION ON THE COAST OF DUTCH NEW GUINEA : American troops preparing to dash down the ramps of an Infantry Landing Craft and across the beach at Sarmi, near Wakde Island, on May 17. Jap snipers and machine-gunners, hiding in the jungles that creep close down to the shore, put up a good resistance, but the beachhead was secure in a matter of hours

After a naval bombardment by U.S. and Australian cruisers and destroyers, American infantry made new landings in Dutch New Guinea at Wakde on May 17. This is a point 125 miles from Hollandia, the last base seized in the campaign against the Japs. The Americans first went ashore on the mainland at Arara (opposite the island) and seized an area 7½ miles long without opposition ; another force landed on Insoemanai (the smaller of the two Wakde Islands) and opened artillery fire on Insoemosar (the larger island, on which the airfield is located). Later the area around Maffin Bay, and its airfield on the mainland, was also wiped clear of the yellow men

ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE AMERICAN SUCCESSES IN THE PACIFIC : This L.C.M. (Landing Craft, Mechanised) is being launched at an assembly yard in New Guinea, whilst its launching crew stand by. American Army engineers operate the yard : they can turn out as many as nine of these craft in twenty-four hours, by using pre-fabrication methods of construction. This means, of course, that General MacArthur's invasion programme need never be held up for lack of shipping ! And ships, according to the experts, are going to be the deciding factor in the Japanese war

ANOTHER JAP SHIP HEADS FOR DAVY JONES' LOCKER : An extraordinarily clear photograph from off New Ireland, in the Southern Pacific : it was made from the American bomber which scored a direct hit on the Japanese destroyer, just before the vessel went under. The ship's guns are unmanned and the decks are almost cleared of men, except for two or three who can be seen huddled together under the awning forward. This enemy warship was one of seventeen vessels sunk by American bombs off the Island of Nassau, 50 miles to the north-west of New Ireland, on the same day

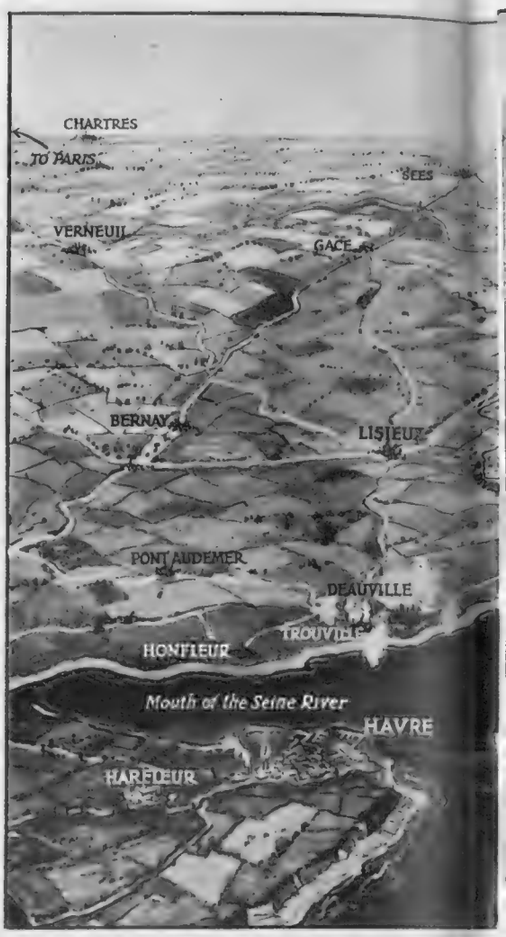
First Steps in the Liberation of Europe

THE BATTLE OF THE BEACHES IN NORMANDY

The First Phases of Invasion, and How They Were Carried Out

—Special Sphere Drawings of the Cherbourg Peninsula and of the City of Caen

THE SCENE ON THE BEACH OF A LITTLE COASTAL RESORT as the Invaders came in from the sea, backed up "by a frieze of pleasant seaside villas"—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert.* The scene depicted here was duplicated at a number of points along the Normandy coast. The beach lies to the east of the Cherbourg Peninsula: it is bordered along its entire length by a frieze of pleasant seaside villas. Church spires and typically French roof-tops glowed in the clear morning sunshine: but there were few windows left after the storm of explosives which had fallen during the previous few hours. Flashes from the bedroom windows of the houses along the front could be seen where some of the Germans were still resisting stoutly and impeding the movement of our men off the beaches. Some of the smaller bombardment craft quickly settled their business. They cruised along the beach only a few yards from shore and poured streams of pom-pom shells into each of these improvised forts until resistance ceased



THE WHOLE OF THE BATTLE ZONE, FROM

types of vessels

A modern invasion from the sea is an awesome sight, and the Invasion of Normandy was the greatest of all invasions yet. As dawn came on the 6th, the Fleet could be seen stretching to the horizon in each direction along the coast. It comprised a fantastic array of vessels, of which it was only possible for one man to see a segment. The ships ranged from tiny craft which fought the choppy seas, to battleships which rode them on an even keel. First of all came the minesweepers—to clear a passage for the rest. The first craft on to the beaches were

LE HAVRE TO CHERBOURG, AS SEEN FROM ABOVE—SHOWING THE GREAT SEINE BAY, where the Allied Armadas appeared on the morning of June 6. The employed for the landings, and the battle order they adopted, are indicated in diagram form—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

the little L.C.V.P.s: these are the ships which are carried slung from the sides of bigger ships. The L.C.I.s and L.S.T.s are ocean-going vessels, and move under their own power. An L.C.I. is 155 ft. long and carries more than 200 soldiers: an L.S.T. is bigger still—a great floating garage filled with trucks and vehicles of all descriptions. Behind the landing craft are the big freighters and merchantmen, all protected by a powerful naval force, and with rescue flotillas to pick up the shipwrecked. The order followed during the landings is indicated in this drawing, as also is the nature of the Norman countryside from Havre to Cherbourg, now being over-run by our land forces

WHERE THE FIRST PITCHED BATTLES WERE FOUGHT BETWEEN BRITISH AND GERMAN TANK FORMATIONS: A diagrammatic view of the Caen-Bayeux area, around the former of which a British force of tanks wheeled, to cut the historic town off on both sides—*Drawing by Percy Home*

On left—**THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA IS ATTACKED by American forces moving up by way of Carentan**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert.* The first big advance after the landings was made towards the great port of Cherbourg. This was effected by way of Carentan, where the Germans had flooded the surrounding country—but without avail. Moving up through Ste. Mère Eglise, they passed on to Montebourg; at the same time, other American forces moved westward, with the evident intention of cutting across the base of the Peninsula and isolating it from the rest of German-held France

This drawing is taken from a point above the ancient town of Caen, famous for its connection with William the Conqueror; especial prominence is given to four of its most famous buildings. On the left is seen the great church of St. Etienne. It is one of the two Abbeys which were founded by William the Conqueror in order that he might secure papal dispensation for his irregular marriage with his Queen, Matilda. In the centre of the view are the remains of the Chateau which was founded by William the Conqueror and enlarged by Henry I. of England. In the foreground is seen the Church of St. Pierre—a striking example of Gothic work. In the middle distance is the historic town of Bayeux, dominated by its large cathedral. Away to the right can be seen Creully, a picturesque little town situated above the Seulles River. In the foreground is seen the sea canal connecting the port of Caen with Seine Bay. The whole area shown here is dotted with villages, each with its massive Norman church.

WEATHER CONDITIONS DURING THE CROSSING TO FRANCE WERE NOT IDEAL: A FAIRLY HIGH SEA WAS RUNNING (AFTER CLOUDLESS SKIES FOR THREE WEEKS!) and there was a strong north-westerly wind with an overcast sky and dark clouds. This was the scene in mid-Channel, with a Hunt class destroyer (in right foreground) escorting some of the larger landing craft which were being tossed about by the waves. Only four of the smaller vessels were prevented from reaching their destination, however—and that was owing to the swamping of their engines—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

THE FIRST PORT TO BE CAPTURED IN NORMANDY: The harbour at Port-en-Bessin, to the north-west of Bayeux; the enemy put up a stubborn resistance at this point, but they were overcome by Marine Commandos. A sunk German flak-ship may be seen in the foreground of the picture

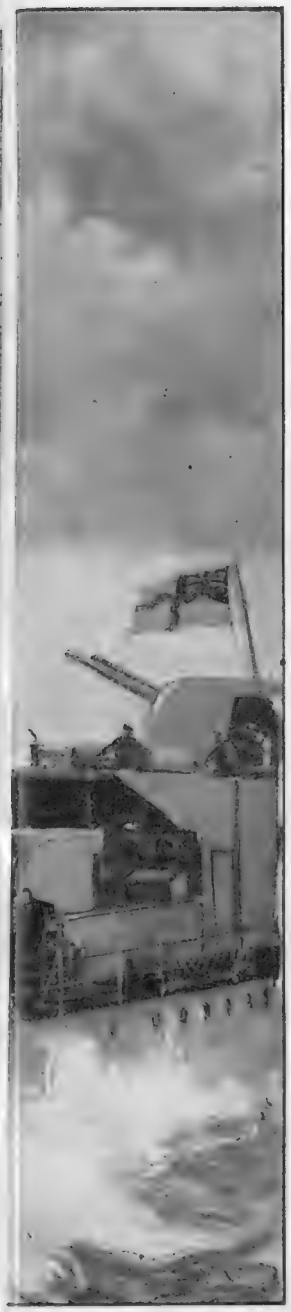
The Invasion of Europe (cont.)

CLOSE SUPPORT by the NAVY

On the Channel Crossing and Off the Beaches

On right—The bombarding force sailed with 95,365 rounds of ammunition from 16 in. to 4 in. It was expected that something in the nature of 16,000 tons of ammunition would be expended in the first few days of the assault. Although the expenditure of so heavy a weight proved unnecessary, the Allied Navies, in two days, carried out the most persistent and heaviest bombardment in Naval history. The following comparative figures may give some idea of the power and intensity of the Naval bombardment: The fire power of one Hunt class destroyer is equivalent to a field battery of artillery. The fire power of one Fleet destroyer is equivalent to a field regiment of artillery. The fire power of a 6-in. gun cruiser is equivalent to a medium regiment of artillery. There is no land equivalent to the fire power of an 8-in. gun cruiser or battleship. On the flanks, the Naval bombardment was still at comparatively short ranges, but at the centre of the beaches the range has been well over 20,000 yards

5.36 A.M., JUNE 6, 1944: eye-witness. Closer in- miles to the eastward "Mauritius" and



THE DESTROYERS GO IN CLOSE TO THE SHORE WHILE SHEPHERDING THEIR LANDING FLOTILLAS ON TO THE BEACHES—"exceedingly perilous work" carried out by the Hunt class which flew battle ensigns whilst firing at the German batteries on the Normandy coast— *Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

At the head of each group of infantry landing craft was a destroyer, each crawling along at its very slowest, flying its battle ensigns and firing straight ahead at the beaches. They went inshore to an extent that sailors of the old school would have considered exceedingly perilous. How grateful the soldiers were for such a gallant escort! The beaches themselves became gradually less and less visible as clever smoke-screens were laid; and then there was the normal "fog of war"—a lot of it caused by the debris of the shells. Half an hour before the time of landing, over roared the bombers: Typhoons and Lightnings attacked the defenders with cannon guns in relay after relay. Then within a few minutes of the appointed time of the actual landing came the report—"The beaches are ours." The amount of damage a destroyer (even of such a small class as the "Hunts") can inflict is amazing. These vessels displace only 904 tons; yet their four 4-in. guns are equivalent to a field battery of artillery

(*See also note below on left*)

A LANDING CRAFT APPROACHES THE BEACH: Two hundred men are on board this vessel, loaded up with their equipment and waiting to rush the beach as soon as they "touch down"

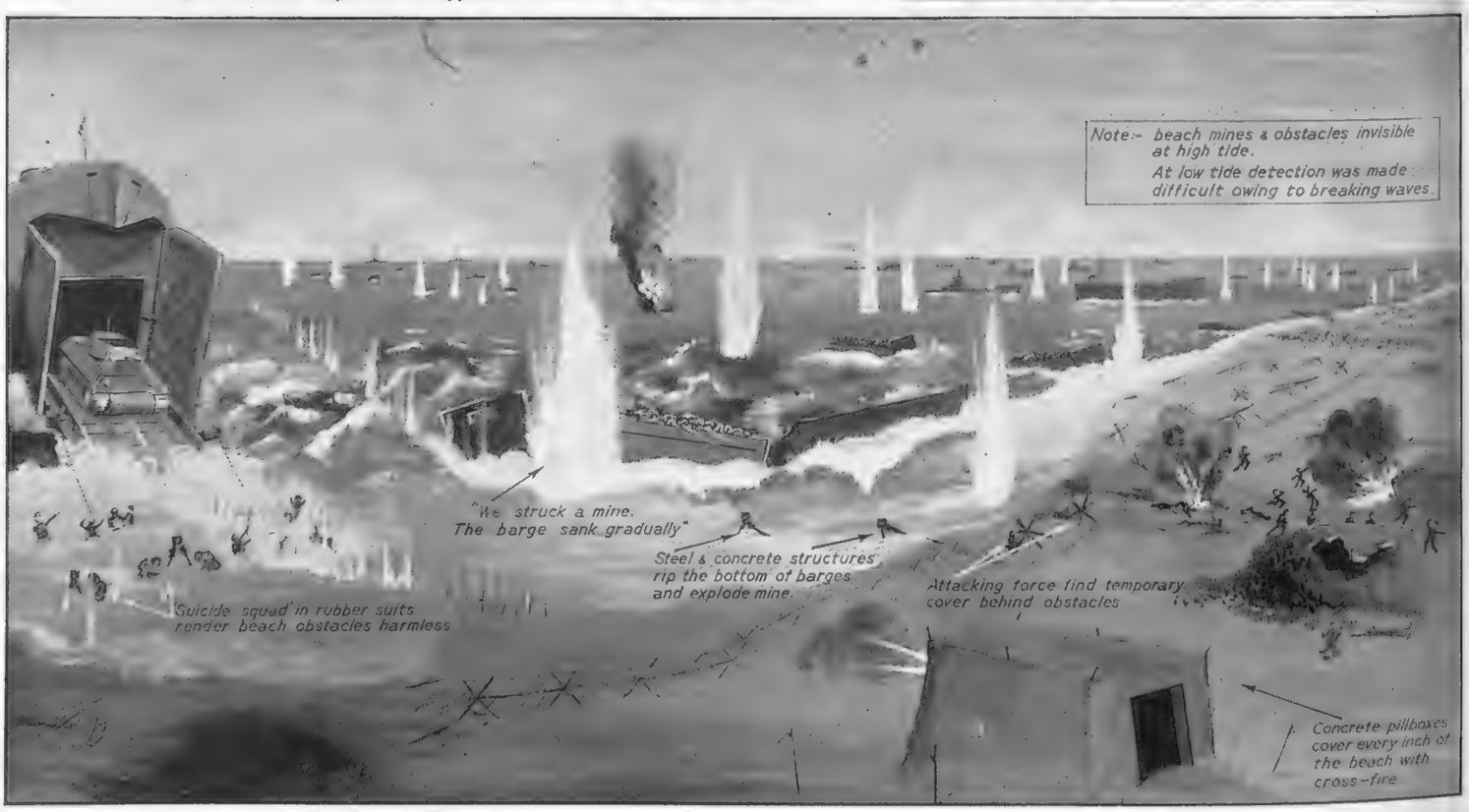
ALLIED CRUISERS CIRCLING SLOWLY AND BOMBARDING THE GERMAN SHORE POSITIONS ALONG THE NORMANDY COAST—drawn from material supplied by a Naval shore are destroyers of the Tribal and Hunt classes, covering the assault craft which are already at the beach. "Warspite," an old veteran, was lying a few (out of picture to the left) and firing 15-inch shells with enormous effect. In the centre is the cruiser "Belfast": on the right are the cruisers "Orion," "Black Prince." In the foreground of the picture is an infantry landing craft coming up to the beach. The support by the Allied Fleet continued all through the landing operations, and was maintained afterwards in support of the troops pushing forward towards the enemy—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Invasion of Europe (continued)

The ASSAULT of the NORMANDY BEACHES

FOXHOLES ON THE NORMANDY BEACHES TO GUARD THE LANDINGS. American soldiers keep watch from their one-man trenches while the beachhead is being cleared. In the background, trucks, ducks, amphibious tanks and other equipment crowd the shore, while at sea landing craft disgorge more troops and more equipment

MEMBERS OF AN AMERICAN LANDING PARTY help their comrades ashore from a life-raft after their landing craft had been sunk: *On left*—the wrecked soldiers are hoisted up on the beach. *On right*—artificial respiration is applied to one of the distressed soldiers



FIRST ASSAULT THROUGH THE WAVES AND PAST THE GERMAN OBSTACLES ON THE BEACH: THE MEN HAVE DASHED OUT OF THEIR ASSAULT LANDING CRAFT AND ARE RUSHING FOR WHATEVER COVER THERE MAY BE. Out to sea stands the great Invasion Armada, covered by the guns of the Navy and protected by barrage balloons and aircraft—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

this particular sector casualties were comparatively light. Our craft defied the obstacles in water, "and it was magnificent to see the troops swarm through the sea. Then they calmly ned up in companies on the beaches." The men had made a short, choppy run to the beaches and a wet landing: they waded waist-deep in water under fire. It was found that the beach defences at this point were just rifle slits and a few strands of barbed wire. Only a few hundred Nazis manned the beach defences along this sector

ove and on left—**THE OBSTACLES WHICH FORMED THE OUTER DEFENCES OF HITLER'S "ATLANTIC WALL" IN NORTH FRANCE: *On left*—a general impression of various types encountered on the beaches. *Above at left*—a German concrete blockhouse after it had been knocked out. *Above at right*—an enemy pill-box serving as an American Command Post after capture**

trary to advance opinion, the Atlantic Wall was not a solid structure stretching from Belgium n to Spain. Hitler did not have enough material to go around, so he had to build his barriers beaches where he thought us most likely to knock on his door. Even there the gaps between units in each defence row varied from 8 ft. to 50 ft., not enough to block off the invaders pletely, but intended to slow them up enough to let the defenders pick them off more or at leisure. As the building programme progressed from north to south, the tendency was to ken the number of units. Had Hitler and Rommel been given time, they might have formed olid fence or wall along the beaches. As it was, they had not got around to linking the ts with wire chains or cable to explode the booby-traps like a string of giant fire-crackers. Nevertheless, the German construction had been continuous and fast, considering that the Germans had other problems on their hands in Russia and Italy. The urgency of the work prevented uniformity and various types of obstacles were in the same area. In addition to the beach barriers, the Germans had resort to anti-boat cables and numerous types of mines. They tested all these weird booby-traps on an experimental beach, to the south of where we landed. The success of the experiments could be judged by the transplanting of the killer devices to other beaches in due time. All the while, of course, we kept watch on the beaches from our low-flying Lightnings, taking pictures and dropping bombs for the fun of seeing the German workmen run to shelters, or dig foxholes in the sand

THE SIGN IN THE HEAVENS AS THE INVASION FORCES WENT IN—THE GREAT RAINBOW WHICH SPREAD OVER THE WHOLE AREA at dawn on the 6th, as the troops went in to land on the beaches at the beginning of the Liberation of Europe—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

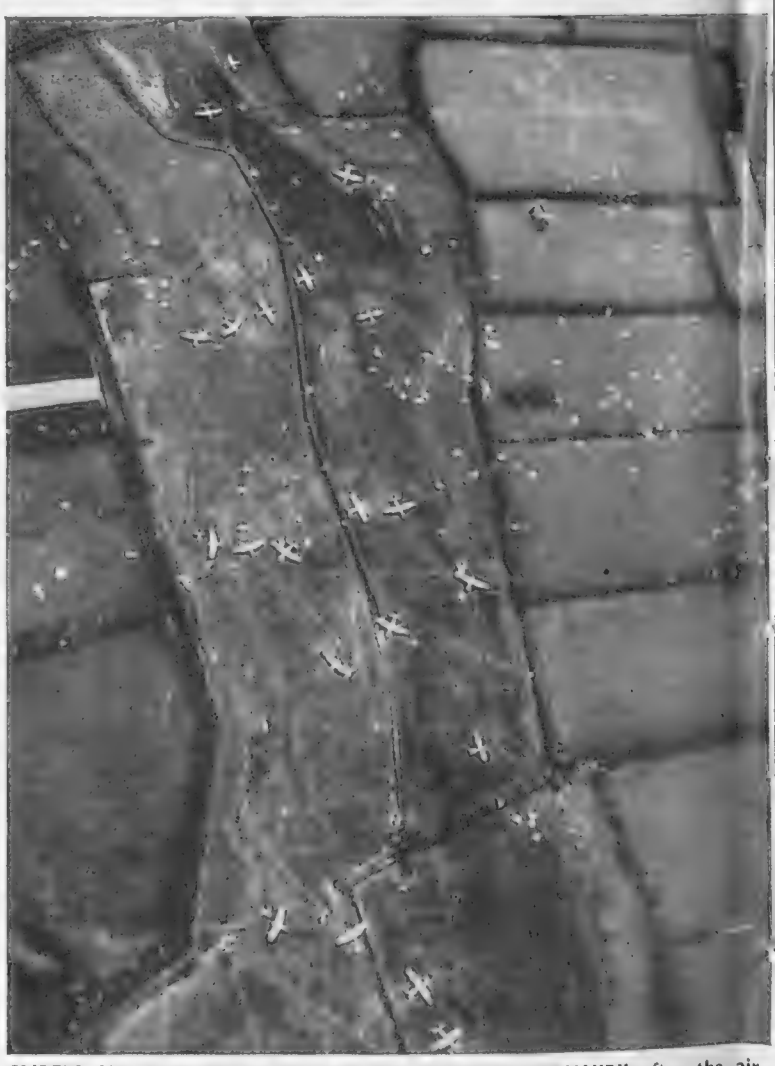
Lately there has been talk in some parts of the country about signs in the sky. The one depicted by our artist in this drawing was witnessed over the Invasion area at dawn on D-Day. The rainbow spread right across the combat zone in brilliant colours, only fading from sight after thousands of our men had seen it and been heartened by its appearance at the outset of the Great Adventure. One aeroplane crew reported that they had flown through the middle of it whilst carrying out a bombing mission over the beaches. "It stood out as plain as could be. I watched it for quite a while," said the aircraft's turret gunner. Below him at that moment was the whole panorama of the Invasion, with vessels crowding in on the beaches, gun-flashes and bomb-bursts all along the coast and fleets of aircraft flying over to cover the ground forces. Coming at the precise moment when it did, the Rainbow of Invasion Morn might rank with the Angels of Mons of the last war and the Essex Crucifix of a few weeks ago!

The Invasion of Europe (continued)

THE CO-OPERATION OF THE AIR ARM

Depicted in Special Drawings by Sphere Artists

ONE OF THE MANY B26 MARAUDERS of the Ninth Air Force is shown over the coast of France during the early morning of June 6, whilst it was giving cover to the landing craft shown already on the sandy beach



GLIDERS AND PARACHUTES DOTTING THE FIELDS OF NORMANDY after the air-borne troops had been dropped behind the enemy lines at strategic points. Many of the gliders were damaged, but the majority were set down with great accuracy. Evidently there had been a strong concentration of parachutists in the field on the right of the picture

UNIQUE SIGHT AS THE SQUADRONS OF AIRCRAFT COVERED THE FLEET IN THE CHANNEL BELOW: Hundreds of bomber planes and tug-planes flying out to France with their navigation lights ablaze in the night sky—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The air armada which crossed the Channel on the night of June 6 went out with their navigation lights ablaze—bombers, fighters and tug-planes ignoring the *Luftwaffe* in a manner never known before! "The boys would not have missed it for anything," said one of the sailors down below in mid Channel, speaking of the men aboard his own naval craft. Under the eye of General Eisenhower, the big planes taking parachutists over taxied out to the runways at midnight with red and green navigation lights on; bombers, too, and even fighters—so close was the air packed with hundreds of aircraft of all types. Across 200 miles of sky, on Invasion night, the only aircraft were British and American!

WHILST THE PARATROOPS DESCENDED ON FRANCE AROUND CAEN AND BAYEUX: The sky is filled with Allied aircraft protecting the parachutists, and at the same time bombing and strafing targets all over the area—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

From the first moment of Invasion it quickly became apparent that the Allies possessed an overwhelming superiority in the air. Not only were the thousands of Invasion vessels guarded from the air, but the paratroops and gliders all went down under an air umbrella of formidable dimensions. At the same time, other aircraft, from big bombers down to fighters and dive-bombers, were attacking a host of objectives on the ground. By the time the seaborne invaders arrived, the whole strip of coastline from Havre to Cherbourg had been drenched with bombs. The drawing above depicts the scene at early morning over only one sector of the front—around Caen: it depicts half-a-dozen aircraft types pursuing the tasks allotted to them by the High Command, and indicates the nature of some of their objectives

THE COMMANDOS SET OUT TO CAPTURE A GUN POST: They encountered many enemy snipers, which they disposed of in their own manner. Finally, supported by tanks, they reached and captured the battery. This, and the picture below, were taken by a cameraman of the Army Film Unit who accompanied the Commandos during the operation

The Invasion of Europe (continued)

The ALLIED FORCES PRESS INLAND

SPECIAL SERVICE TROOPS TAKE COVER from German mortar fire as they press into the interior. The two men on the left are crouching behind a motor-cycle which they had brought with them

AFTER THE GERMAN BATTERY HAD BEEN CAPTURED: The Commandos bring back their wounded on a stretcher improvised out of rifles. This incident took place on the morning of June 6, immediately after the men had been landed on the coast of Northern France

A BREN CARRIER PASSES ALONG A VILLAGE STREET IN NORMANDY. Following the landings, the Allied troops at once began to press inland, leaving points of German resistance within the actual beach area to be mopped-up by other bodies following behind. They were everywhere regarded as liberators and given a warm reception by the French inhabitants

BRITISH TROOPS AND VEHICLES MOVE THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE: The men bringing up the rear are using light-weight cycles (of special construction), which formed part of their invasion equipment. The village through which they are passing bears evidence of the pre-invasion shelling and bombing by Allied naval vessels and aircraft

LINESMEN ARE BUSY LAYING DOWN COMMUNICATION CABLES whilst Canadian and American armour and vehicles pass through the little village en route for the front line. On the left a group of French peasants have gathered to welcome their liberators

BRITISH TANK CREWS REST WHILE AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE: The armoured fighting vehicles have "laagered" under the trees, in the method made familiar during the fighting in Tunisia. The tanks in Normandy have already borne the brunt of many attacks and have thrust forward in great strides

ERICAN SOLDIERS CLEAN UP A VILLAGE: The little body of men is proceeding cautiously along the main street of a Norman town: one soldier is peering carefully into a back alley between the shops in a search for concealed German snipers. Note the French tricolour displayed near the group of Frenchmen on the left

THE PRIME MINISTER'S FIRST VISIT TO FRANCE SINCE 1940: With Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke (on left), General Montgomery and Field-Marshal Smuts. He travelled to Normandy on June 12 on a destroyer, and spent several hours ashore, touring round part of the bridgehead in a jeep. He was given a great welcome by the troops

GENERAL MONTGOMERY AT HIS FIRST PRESS CONFERENCE: He is here explaining the situation at the front and the progress of the landings on the beaches. This was his first talk to War Correspondents since the opening of the Invasion

HOW ONE GERMAN PRISONER WAS BROUGHT IN: A scene in the village of St. Mère Eglise, on the road between Carentan and Montebourg. The man riding in front of this American jeep is a German sniper, captured by paratroops during their mopping-up of the town. He is now bound for one of the cages on the beaches

CONFERRING ON THE DECK OF A WARSHIP off the coast of Northern France. From left to right are—Major-General Ralph Royce, Deputy-Commander of the Ninth Air Force; Lieut.-General Omar N. Bradley, Commanding the Allied Ground Forces; and General Eisenhower, Supreme Allied Commander

THE ALLIED NAVAL C.-IN-C. VISITS THE BEACHES: Admiral Ramsay (on left) and Sir Arthur Tedder (Deputy Supreme Commander) watching Allied planes going over whilst touring in a "duck." The Admiral flew his flag in H.M.S. "Kelvin" during his visit to the assault area along the Normandy coast

The MEN who are REPORTING the WAR

The Work of the British Army Photographers, who Get the "Action Pictures," and of the Corps of War Correspondents at the Battlefront

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

FEW people realise that not a single photograph of British troops in action overseas has been taken by British civilian Press photographers. All of them are the work of the Army Film and Photographic Service, a small unit which wears A.F.P.U. as a shoulder-flash and numbers about 100 officers and men on active service. The men, incidentally, are all sergeants and were newspaper photographers in peacetime.

After joining the Army, the men went on a course lasting anything from two months to ten weeks, during which they learnt the Army methods of still photography and cine-camera work. Those that passed their trade test and qualified as tradesmen in the Army sense of the word proceeded on a three-weeks N.C.O.'s course at a Guards training regiment, where they learnt elementary fieldcraft and did a certain amount of weapon training. Their personal weapon, incidentally, is the revolver, but several have been killed, wounded and taken prisoner since the first detachment of eighteen officers and sergeant photographers under Major Macdonald went out to the Middle East in November 1941.

Each Army Corps has two sub-sections under a Lieutenant, their joint director being a Captain. In addition, each army has two further sub-sections held in reserve. Everyone who saw *Desert Victory* will remember the vivid photography and the dangers to which the men of the A.F.P.U. were subjected from enemy fire.

In addition to these photographers, there is one officer-observer to each division. They are the only British equivalent to the German front-line reporters. For, unlike war correspondents, they are combatant officers. These, unfortunately, are confined to the provincial Press, and are aimed purely at home town consumption. The industry of these officer-observers is shown by the fact that they despatch between them an average of 120 stories a week.

We now come to the war correspondents. The fortieth killed since the outbreak of war met his death in a fight between E-boats and our light forces off the coast of Normandy a fortnight ago. Several others have been wounded, taken prisoner or officially listed as missing. Still others, like Alexander Clifford, have contracted malaria.

The fundamental differences between this war and the last are even more exemplified by the dangers and hardships to which war correspondents are highly vulnerable in this war than by the role of the Military Police, R.A.S.C., and other corps which were practically non-combatant last time and are in the thick of the fighting now. This change was gradual and understandable. When I was out in France as a war correspondent in 1939 and the beginning of 1940, neither the senior officers nor the men showed appreciation or liking for the vast majority of the war correspondents. The senior officers were afraid that the stories they sent back to England might be dangerous from a security point of view and in spite of the censors. The men did not like reading war correspondents' stories about their having "four square meals a day" and living in châteaux. There is no doubt that there were incidents before Dunkirk, when war correspondents were jeered at and even hissed. I saw this happen myself at Lens on the afternoon of the Royal inspection of troops on the Franco-Belgian frontier.

At that time the war correspondents attached to the Army were billeted in various hotels at Arras, which they used as their headquarters from which to go out and attempt to secure readable news stories during the "phoney war" stage. Mostly, they went around in teams of three or four with a conducting officer to look after them. This teaming-up was arranged by themselves, and was partly governed by individual friendships and partly by the desirability of having men of differing types of newspaper in the same syndicate—a *Manchester Guardian* war correspondent and a *Daily Mirror* ditto being a good example of this. The conducting officers were mostly ex-cavalrymen in the late forties or early fifties. During this period there was no excitement for the war correspondents unless they chose to go up to our brigade frontage east of Metz. I did this myself. But even then there was not much to say, as one was not allowed beyond the second line of defence, in spite of the fact that the French authorities allowed war correspondents attached to the French Army to go right up into the line.

The British Expeditionary Force's attitude to war correspondents was clearly demonstrated when they were all shipped straight back to England as soon as Hitler invaded Holland and Belgium. This meant that they could see nothing of the fighting. A different attitude was taken by our forces in the Middle East, where the situation too was different. Fighting was fluid, but, more important, the troops were far from home, and many of them had been civilians at the outbreak of war. The attitude of these troops was somewhat different from that of the professional Army. It was found that they would like to have "write-ups" in the newspapers to tell their people at home what they were doing. Many of them felt that they were Forgotten Men, and it was good for their morale to see that, as far as security permitted, their exploits in the field were given proper credit in the despatches from the war correspondents. Conducting officers were assigned to the latter, who drew their rations when in the field, the Army being responsible for their transport, driver-batmen, tents and methods of sending back their despatches to the Base censors. When they returned from the field, they were at liberty to stay at any hotel they liked and to do as they pleased. All of them, of course, were in officer uniform, adorned with the green shoulder-badge of the war correspondent.

A similar procedure was adopted in Sicily, Italy and now in Normandy. At first, before the Battle of the Beaches had been won, a pooling system was adopted whereby twelve selected war correspondents representing the newspapers went over, four of them jumping, or going in gliders, with the airborne troops; others going by sea. In addition, of course, there were war correspondents attached to the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. Leonard Mosley, who did best of all, had qualified as a parachutist in the Middle East, taking the full, tough course while still a war correspondent, and thus being entitled to war his parachute badge. Ian Fyfe, who also jumped with the Airborne Division, is unfortunately missing. There were also two B.B.C. war correspondents who jumped.

Since Sunday, June 11, pooling has ceased, and by the time this appears in print it is possible that the London evening newspapers will also be represented by war correspondents attached to the Army. It is even possible that history will have been made by accredited civilian Press photographers being attached to the Army in the field—a novelty urged by the U.S. forces, which insisted on such facilities for its own civilian Press photographers.

The war correspondents who landed in the normal way are working in the usual syndicates of two or three per conducting officer. But, unlike the early days of the war, they have to pass a medical examination, as the result of which they can be certified fit for strenuous exercise. There is no doubt that the war correspondent to-day has to be young and tough. This also goes for the conducting officers, whose enthusiasm for the success of their individual team of war correspondents in sending back the most vivid despatches is very pleasing. These war correspondents were temporarily attached to Brigade headquarters before getting their own mess.

The war correspondents who landed with the airborne troops had a highly exciting time. Leonard Mosley, as far as I can make out, jumped with a platoon, and had many an awkward experience during the first week. As a war correspondent, he was unable to bear arms, and on at least one occasion was saved from German automatic weapons by the Tommy guns of the paratroopers. Others have been mortared at close range, sniped at and generally given the run-around in the confused wood and village fighting. All, as far as I know, have typewriters with them—their only weapon. Some lost all their kit when shelled.

Censorship does not operate until their despatches have reached Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Expeditionary Force in England, except in the case of those which have been sent on radio transmitting sets thoughtfully provided by the Army Public Relations Branch. For the sake of security, these have to be dealt with on the spot in case they are intercepted by the enemy. Pigeons have been used to send back despatches. These messages also have to be censored before departure. The bulk of the messages up till now, however, have gone by naval despatch boat at top speed across the English Channel to home ports, where the red-and-white courier bags were rushed to London by motor-bicycle and jeep, or teleprinted on the spot. After the first landing-strips had been put down for our aircraft, it was possible to send back a number of despatches by air. Others were given to walking wounded by the war correspondents and also by the sergeant cameramen, one of whom was killed and two of whom were wounded in the first few hours.

At which stage it should be pointed out that the paucity of still photographs and newsreel pictures of the first day was due to the fact that one of the cameras had received a direct hit from a rifle bullet, another was blown up by a mortar-shell, a third fell into the choppy sea from an assault craft, while others got sand in the shutter while their owners were taking cover on the beaches from the shells and small-arms fire directed from the concrete blockhouses.

So far, it has not been possible for any of the photographs to be developed in Normandy, but as we advance farther inland, this will be done on the spot. In the meantime, over 500 news stories a day are being received at S.H.A.E.F., which shows first-class planning of communications.

In conclusion, the behaviour of each war correspondent is tabulated on a card, and it is safe to say that throughout the whole course of the war very few indeed have had any adverse comments on record against them. Altogether it is most satisfactory for a former war correspondent like myself to realise how much more popular the profession has become among the troops themselves. They realise that these unarmed men are by no means shirking at base. They get up as close to the front line as they can. Sometimes, as happened in the Middle East and in Italy, they managed to get in front of the troops themselves. I am told, indeed, that the popularity of the war correspondents is such that they are positively invited to sectors of the front so that the men can feel that they will get a proper show in the national Press for their relatives to read. This is, indeed, a complete turn of the wheel, and the war correspondents, several of whom have been mentioned in despatches, have fully earned their warm welcome by the fighting troops.

A SERGEANT-PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE ARMY FILM AND PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE. He carries his special camera under one arm, and the rest of his equipment in a pack and in a holdall. His only weapon is a revolver. This picture was taken during a large-scale Exercise just before the Invasion, when the photographer rehearsed his role for that great event

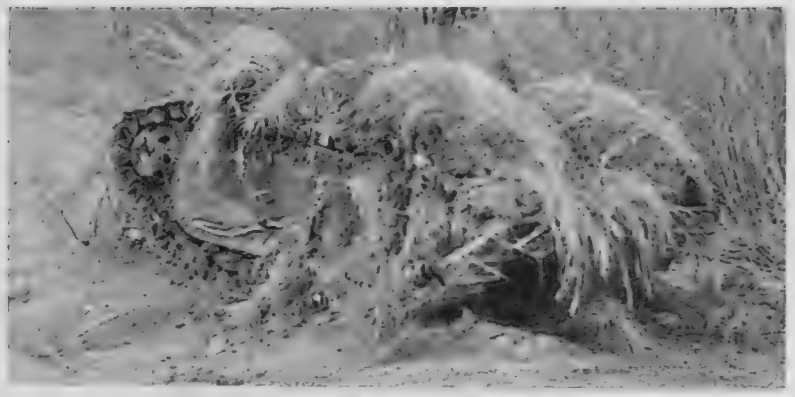
The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

INVASION SIDELIGHTS: A Series of Pictures Connected with the Landings in Normandy

FASHION DISPLAYS BY PARATROOPS: Two pictures taken in England at a base of Troop Carrier Command, showing the manner in which some of the skyborne soldiers adorned themselves for invasion. The two Americans on the right are using a "Red Indian" technique for head and hair

AN AMERICAN GLIDER LIES DISMANTLED in a French field after it has successfully completed its mission. Note the tracks leading from the body of the glider, used to unload a vehicle from its interior. Later, the glider will be returned to England for further service

THE NAVY'S KITCHEN OFF THE LANDING BEACHES: Crews of small craft lining up on the barge for the hot midday meal, served through a hatchway, while other craft wait their turn to come alongside. This was the first "Landing Barge Kitchen" (a converted Thames barge) to arrive off the Normandy beachhead. The job of this kitchen is to supply hot meals to crews of the small craft. For many of the men it was their first hot meal since leaving England's shores, and during the first day the Landing Barge Kitchen served up more than 1,000 hot meals



THE BEETLE TANK THAT FAILED IN ITS MISSION. This German baby tank was loaded with 250 lb. of T.N.T.; it was controlled by radio and was to have been fired by a switch on the wire trailing at the right from a control-point—in this case, a German dugout. An American Ranger immobilised the weapon, however, by cutting the firing wire as the tank was heading for a strong-point held by his comrades during their advance along the Normandy coast

THE SCENE ON ONE OF THE FIRST R.A.F. LANDING STRIPS TO BE CONSTRUCTED ON THE FRENCH COAST. Spitfire fighters gave cover and close support to the Navy and Army throughout the landings. These aircraft take off from their base in England, carry out a patrol over the beachheads, and then land to refuel on the strip, prepared shortly after the first troops set foot in France. The possession of these landing strips enables the fighters to take off almost immediately, to carry out a further patrol, before returning to their base

HEAVY EQUIPMENT FOLLOWS THE ARMY TO FRANCE: Rapidly following the weapons of first attack came hundreds of cranes, tractors, bulldozers, etc., to speed the unloading and unstacking of material on the beachheads. Here a caterpillar crane with a 60-ft. jib is being loaded on to a Tank Landing Ship at a secret base in Britain for transference to the Norman coast

TWO SPECIMENS OF HITLER'S GREATLY-PUBLICISED, BUT OFTEN UNCOMPLETED, DEFENCES ALONG THE WEST WALL. *On left*—Tank traps erected on the seafront of a Norman coast town: beyond can be seen one of the camouflaged German pill-boxes. *On right*—A close-up of the same pill-box, behind its rolls of barbed-wire. It had not been completed by the time the Allied invasion of Normandy took place

THE NEW ROCKET-FIRING AIRCRAFT ARE BEING USED BY NIGHT AS WELL AS BY DAY: Typhoons discharging twin bombs at gun emplacements and radio stations along the northern coast of France before the invasion on June 6—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

DEVELOPMENTS in the WAR by AIR

Drawings to Illustrate the New Bombing Technique of the Allied Air Forces

As stated in a recent issue of THE SPHERE, the R.A.F. have been using rocket-firing aircraft against the Germans since last June—although this news was withheld, for security reasons, until quite recently. It can now be stated further that the rocket-firing aircraft operate by night as well as by day. During the terrific pounding of the northern coast of France in the days and weeks which preceded the invasion of Nazi-held Europe this weapon was used to great effect against certain targets which required "precision" methods to effect their obliteration, such as coastal gun emplacements and radio stations

HELICOPTERS NOW FLY OVER THE BURMA JUNGLES. Hitherto they have been used solely for rescue and reconnaissance work at sea—*Drawing by Roland Davies* For some time past helicopters have been used by the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard Service around the shores of North America. Now it has been revealed that these strange aircraft are also being used in Burma. During the recent airborne invasions of that country they were operated by American units attached to the Third Tactical Air Force. Pilots flying them were selected from a group of volunteers in the U.S., who underwent special training. They arrived in India last January with their helicopters, ground crews and technicians. The advantages of these machines, which can ascend and descend vertically over the dense jungle, are obvious

PREPARATION FOR THE LIBERATION OF EUROPE: Two official photographs showing the results of an attack by rocket-firing Typhoons on an enemy radio installation on the Northern France coast. In the upper picture, part of the target is shown, shrouded by smoke from the explosion of the rockets. In the lower picture, one of the rockets is clearly seen (in lower left corner) as it hurtles towards the target, which is partially in the smoke from earlier projectiles

A NEW TECHNIQUE IN BRIDGE-BOMBING—Thunderbolt fighters "strafe"-bombing, or "buzz"-bombing, a railway bridge in France. By this method the bomb is launched against the bridge pier as if it were a shell being shot from the muzzle of a gun—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The new method illustrated in this drawing has only recently been perfected by American Thunderbolt pilots operating over Occupied Europe. The aircraft fly below the target-level as they approach; then, as they sweep upwards, the bombs are released in the manner shown above. Diving simultaneously into each of the bridge spans adjoining the river banks, the aircraft fly so fast—more than 400 miles an hour—that their bombs do not fall on to the target but crash into it horizontally, like bullets. The pilot has one-tenth of a second to release his bombs and pull up over the bridge. The bombs are delayed several seconds to make sure the aircraft does not go up in smoke with the bridge! In "strafe"-bombing, or "buzz"-bombing, the bomb does not ricochet: it is planted "as deliberately as one would plant potatoes"

THE EFFECT OF PRECISION BOMBING ON THE SEINE BRIDGES. During the weeks preceding the invasion of Europe practically every east-to-west bridge across the Seine was destroyed, from Paris to the coast. This picture shows the wrecked highway bridges at Elbeuf: one is completely obliterated and the other has been cut. Movements of German troops and motorised columns were considerably hampered by this means just when they were needed most

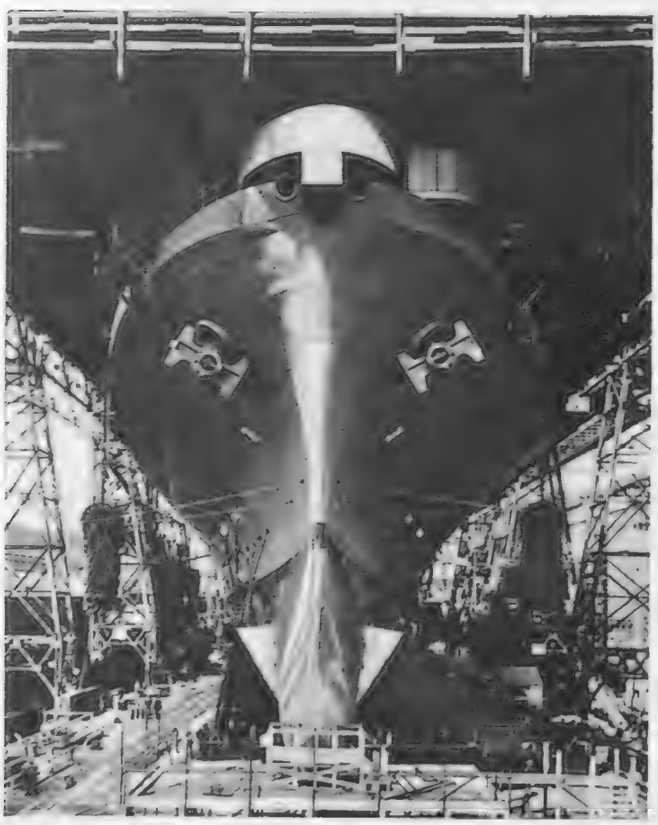
HOW SOME OF THE GLIDERS CRASH-LANDED IN FRANCE: Gliders are "expendable"—in other words, their destruction is justifiable if they achieve their object. During the invasion of Northern France their object was to land troops quickly and at the desired spot: this was achieved; but to do it, a number were wrecked in landing at places where obstacles made the task difficult, if not impossible, without crashing. Here are two gliders which landed in a roadway: the one in the foreground is being salvaged by American troops; the one behind will receive attention later

NEWS PICTURES from MANY QUARTERS

A Summary from the Widely Different Battle Areas of the Globe

THE R.A.F. DEMONSTRATE THEIR NEW ARMOURED "FLAK SUITS": These four members of a Boston III are clad in the new and very practical protective steel aprons which are now becoming available for British aircraft crews. These "suits" were first perfected and worn by the American Air Forces operating by daylight over Europe. They were "demonstrated" during a recent visit to airfields in Britain carried out by Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, who commands the Tactical Air Force

THE NEW STING CARRIED BY THE SWORDFISH AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F. This is the first picture showing how this Fairey biplane has been equipped to carry the new rocket projectiles, of which so much has been heard recently. Hitherto, the Swordfish has been largely used for torpedo carrying. The view above was taken whilst the aircraft was carrying out practice firing at a rock target near the English coast



A NEW 27,100-TON AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IS LAUNCHED. During the latter part of the eighteenth century the *Bonhomme Richard* was a Continental frigate made famous around British shores by Paul Jones, her American commander. Her name has just been revived in this huge aircraft-carrier, launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on April 29. She is a 27,100-ton vessel of the Essex class, of which a number are now being built in the United States. The flight deck of the *Bonhomme Richard*—which from its keel is equivalent in height to a four-storey building—has an area equal to that of several city blocks. Each of the anchors seen above weighs about 15 tons

AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT BREAKS UP after grounding off San Francisco. This is the ss. *Henry Bergh*, which went ashore on the rocky ledges of the Farallon Islands off the Golden Gate, just as she was breaking up under the heavy pounding of the waves. The stern of the wrecked vessel is seen at the right after it had broken away. More than 1,000 sailors were rescued from the craft, without loss of life, shortly after she ran aground. The ship was operating as a Naval Transport and was returning from the Pacific theatre of war

AN ALLIED VESSEL REFUELS as an American combat cutter stands guard. The cutter is in the foreground of the picture, ready to repel any enemy attack as an Allied fighting ship (on left) takes on a load of fuel from a British tanker in the North Atlantic. A line is shot from one craft to the other, and an oil hose is then passed to link the warship's tanks with the tanker's big fuel containers. American Coast Guard cutters are helping to guard the sea lanes for Allied transports carrying supplies and equipment to bases all over the world

THE NEW 35,000-TON BATTLESHIP which is now serving with the American Fleet. The *Alabama* was completed at the Norfolk Navy Yard in November 1943: she is here seen riding at anchor off an Allied naval base, her massive hull covered with a camouflage design of weird shapes. Armed with guns of all calibres up to 16 ins. (and including numerous batteries of rapid-firing anti-aircraft guns) this new warship of the South Dakota class presents the latest improvements and modifications in modern battleship design. Admiral Ernest J. King, C.-in-C. of the American Fleet, recently announced that the *Alabama* has now joined the U.S. Navy. She belongs to the Washington class of six ships, carries a complement of 2,000 and has a speed of 30 knots. She has nine 16-in. guns, twenty 5-in. guns and a host of smaller weapons

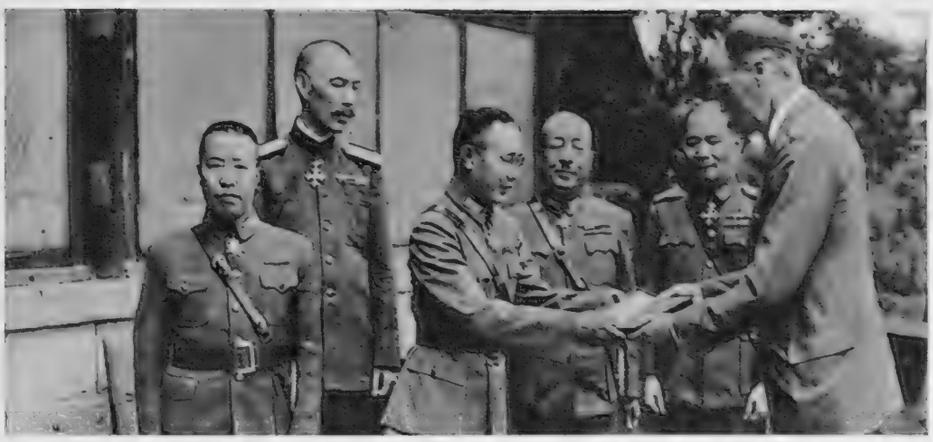
IN THE ROAD TO ROME: An R.A.F. despatch-rider meets an Italian wedding party: L.A.C. F. Jones saw a procession of Italian civilians as he sped ahead of the first R.A.F. detachment to enter Rome. Two young and fashionably-dressed Italians had decided to get married to celebrate the entry of the Allies into the capital. The wedding party stopped to welcome the despatch-rider and the latter showed his pleasure by presenting the bride with a bunch of flowers which he had managed hurriedly to secure

AN ITALIAN FASCIST IS ROUNDED UP BY PATRIOTS: Brugnoli Settinio (in centre) is an Italian who identified himself too closely and too zealously with the hated Fascists. Soon after the Allied entry into Rome he was arrested by other Italians and taken into custody to answer for his misdeeds. This is a scene which is now being duplicated all over the liberated territories

THE TANKS WIND DOWN THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED LEDO ROAD IN BURMA, en route to the battlefront. The road is being built at great speed by a vast army of labourers, who follow closely on the heels of the advancing army of General Stilwell. The thatched huts seen in this picture are evidently the home of a part of this labour army. Shortly, it is hoped to connect the Ledo Road up with the old Burma Road—from Assam into the heart of China and thus transport into that country some of the supplies and equipment she so sorely needs

MALTA'S NEW G.O.C. INSPECTS THE PALACE GUARD: The G.O.C. chats with the Drum Major, who is wearing the sash bearing the regimental battle honours. Despite the fact that Malta is in a state of siege the pageantry of the Changing of the Guard is not entirely forgotten. When the new G.O.C.—Major-General Scobie—inspected the Guard at the Governor's summer residence, St. Anton Palace, it was to the accompaniment of the skirl of the bagpipes and the beat of the drums of a battalion of the Irish Fusiliers. This was the first ceremony of its kind in which the G.O.C. took part after his arrival on the Island

EQUIPPED FOR THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW GUINEA. A soldier from Australia does his night guard-duty equipped in a head-net and with thick gauntlet gloves to keep away the swarms of vicious mosquitoes. The battle area in Dutch New Guinea has been described as possessing the worst climate for fighting troops in the world, with malaria rife unless proper precautions are taken



BRITISH HONOURS FOR CHINESE MILITARY MEN IN CHUNGKING: Sir Horace Seymour, the British Ambassador to China, is seen above presenting the Insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath to General Ho Ying-Chin, Chief of the Chinese General Staff and Minister of War, as the other recipients of awards stand in the background. From left to right are Lieut.-General Yu Ta-Wei, Director of Ordnance Administration, who received the Insignia of a Companion of the Bath; Vice-Admiral Yang Hsuan Cheng, Director of the Foreign Affairs Bureau, who received the Insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire; General Shang Chen (who left immediately after the ceremony for the United States to attend the Chinese Military Mission) received the Insignia of a Companion of the Bath; and Major-General (Air) Chou Chih-Jou, Director of the Commission of Aeronautical Affairs, who received the C.B.E. The ceremony took place at Sir Seymour's residence in Chungking on May 8, 1944

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW BOOKS BY WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS

The First Volume of M. Maisky's Autobiography; Essays by Sir Osbert Sitwell; Another Vicki Baum Hotel; An American Thriller; Old-World China

MR. BERT THOMAS once published a charming little book of drawings, ostensibly made by a child, of famous contemporary figures, whom he divided into the nice and the nasty people. Prominent in the first category was M. Maisky, who was described, as best I can remember, as a man who twinkled and smiled, and liked to see everyone enjoying themselves. There is little in the first volume of M. Maisky's autobiography to alter that impression, in spite of the earnestness with which it is written.

BEFORE THE STORM (Hutchinson. 15s.) covers the early period of the life of the man whom we remember as one of the most popular Soviet Ambassadors to this country. Ivan Maisky was born in 1884, and when he was six journeyed to Omsk, where his father, a military doctor, was stationed. In those days, the Siberian city was a grim place, three weeks' dreary travel from Moscow. After three years, however, the family moved to the more congenial surroundings of St. Petersburg. By then the young Ivan had been impressed by the tremendous figure of his uncle Mikhail, an early revolutionary who greatly influenced the boy's thought.

Before he entered the University at St. Petersburg he had made his decision: ". . . it was as if the thoughts, feelings, seekings, hopes and expectations which during so many years had perturbed and worried me, had all arranged themselves in order in my head and now suddenly of their own accord formulated the all-answering conclusion: 'I must join in the workers' movement.'"

M. Maisky, whose work has been translated from the Russian by Mr. Gerald Shelley, has a lively and discursive style, but some of the scenes which he recollects from his boyhood in the '90's, have unmistakable echoes of the Russian novel. How familiar, for instance, is the incident, which he relates without apparent surprise, of the fellow-traveller in the train between Moscow and St. Petersburg who, adopting a kindly and patronising tone, asks, "Have you thought about the meaning of life, young man?" and proceeds to an admonition. It gives the reader the comfortable feeling of having been there before.

I am grateful to Sir Osbert Sitwell for his volume of essays, SING HIGH! SING LOW! (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.), though I see that in reviewing it, one eminent critic refers to the suspicion into which journalism has drawn the short, humorous essay.

I wish I knew what he means by journalism. To me it is far from a derogatory term, and in the long history of English literature the essay, which is surely one of its most important forms, has habitually first been published, in broadsheet or in journal, in that transitory form which has come to be known as journalism.

Nor are these essays of Sir Osbert Sitwell's necessarily of a uniform shortness, nor intended to be humorous. A vein of æsthetic seriousness runs through them all, and even when he is going for the cult of the "Little Man" in a piece entitled "Save the Old School Tie!" there is a fundamental basis of seriousness, even in the sentence in which he declares that, as a boy, he thought his contemporaries were bellowing, "We 'll all *swing* together, and swear by the best of schools."

So it is with "The Conspiracy of Dwarfs," which may be regarded as humorous by all save those who have suffered from the architectural inadequacies of modern hotel bedrooms and modern blocks of flats.

Sir Osbert ranges from some musings on the Badminton collection to the art of Rowlandson ("most vigorous yet refined, personal and exquisite of draughtsmen"): from a nostalgic piece about London to the pictures on cigar-boxes and cigar-bands. And he is true to the family tradition in his last essay, which begins "Hunting the author, painter and musician is a traditional and popular sport." He might have added that it is essentially an English sport. The Scots have a solemn, Presbyterian respect for their native genius, and the Irish are given to lapping it in the minor tones of melodious praise. Only in England does the "scribble, scribble, scribble" story still evoke a spontaneous guffaw.

"Is it kind," says Sir Osbert, "one might inquire, to be rude to Pope or Dr. Johnson or Sheridan or Shaw—or Sitwell? is it *kind*; but, above all, is it *wise*?"

Which reminds me of a story of the late Edgar Wallace, who, when attacked, as he frequently was, with the question, "How do you find time to write all those novels, plays and newspaper articles?" would sometimes reply, "I have nothing else to do."

Miss Vicki Baum may not have intended her new novel as a much-delayed sequel to *Grand Hotel*, but this is a case where Baum proposes and readers dispose. BERLIN HOTEL (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is about a very grand hotel in that city, the only hotel where any appearance of luxury is preserved for the benefit of visiting military and diplomatic missions, and where the chief change, in addition to the perpetual threat and reality of blitzes, is the substitution of a beautiful young actress for a beautiful ageing ballerina.

In the earlier book, Miss Baum proved that she knew a great deal about the interior economy of an hotel, from the point of view both of the guests and the staff. In this novel, she has obviously not been able to call on first-hand experience of Unter den Linden or the Kurfuerstendamm in wartime, but she has taken a very good long shot at it, as far as readers, who must be in the same position, can tell.

The hotel, for the purposes of this story, harbours a fugitive from the Gestapo—a young student-soldier who has fought in Russia and come back to Germany to preach the dangerous gospel of liberty. He is hidden, first in the wine-cellar by two old French waiters, then in the bedroom of Lisa Dorn, most famous of actresses in the Third Reich. The Führer smiles on her, and her present lover is a Prussian General, but nevertheless the young man converts her to his doctrine, and to love of him. From that moment the story follows a well-defined line. On one side, young Martin and his equally young but successful love, a helpful page-boy and a renegade English writer broadcasting weekly to England from the hotel. On the other side, the whole might of the Gestapo, the servants in their pay and the little dance hostess who will stop at nothing for a pair of new shoes.

They are all good inventions and, as usual with this technically brilliant writer's work, they all convince to the very last page. But not beyond.

I must say that I 'm devoted to Mr. Asey Mayo, the Cape Cod sleuth, whose New England diction and imperturbable Yankee shrewdness enliven so many of Miss Phoebe Atwood Taylor's best novels. The new one—GOING, GOING, GONE (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.)—is not the most thrilling of the series, a gory murder notwithstanding, but it is very good value.

An auction sale, as you might have guessed, has an important part to play, for it is there that the local community gathers to bid for the furniture and effects of an old man, reputed to have hidden his fortune in one of the lots. No money is discovered, but instead an old sea-chest, bought to everyone's surprise for 3,000 dollars, is found to contain a very dead corpse. And from there Asey Mayo, who doesn't like auctions anyway, is forced to take a hand.

Poor Asey pursues rich debutantes (though not for the usual reasons), book-throwing maniacs and other frantic fauna around the countryside, getting himself blackjacked, gagged, stranded and otherwise roughly treated in the process. But valiant is the word for Asey, and he finally stages as neat a denouement as I ever attended in the role of reader.

MA WEI SLOPE (Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.) is a delicate and well-mannered little piece of work, a romance of ancient China, with all the art and intricacies of a painting on silk. It may also prove, to the impatient, on the polite side of being a bore. It is the story of an emperor of the T'ang dynasty who holds in his palace the beautiful lady Yang, and among other courtesans the young Winter Cherry, whose fortitude is not equal to the demands of her profession.

The chief charm of this book, which is a record of elegant suicides and esoteric poetry, is in the grave wit of the dialogue, and in the credible behaviour of the characters who move against a gorgeous background of ceremonial and splendour. The heroine, the courtiers and the courtesans are delightful, but the whole thing, if Mr. Keith West will forgive me for saying so, is almost too dainty a dish for everyday consumption.

The newest addition to that excellent series of *Live Books Resurrected*, edited by Mr. Stanley Jast, is the archaically titled NOTES BY A NATURALIST MADE DURING THE VOYAGE OF H.M.S. CHALLENGER (Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.). This was first published in 1879, and was an account of the observations made by an Oxford don, Mr. H. N. Moseley, during a round-the-world voyage which took three and a half years to complete.

Mr. Moseley was interested in everything, from Jew's harps and opossum traps to "a good supper with plenty of beer," and his book makes more varied and more entertaining reading than would be expected at first glance at the rather solid volume. I enjoyed the writer's comment on the Malay language, which is so easy that "anyone who has got a Malay dictionary can talk Malay. . . . One is irritated on discovering how thoroughly satisfactory such a simple arrangement is, to reflect on the endless complications of verbs and their inflexions in so many other languages and on the time which one has wasted over them."

To which I would like to add my own "Hear! hear!"

LONDON: Gifts for the invasion convoys. Women and girls turned out with gifts of food, drinks and cigarettes as the long invasion convoys rolled through the streets on their way to the ports of embarkation. Here women are seen passing up food to the crew of an armoured vehicle as it passes through

NEW YORK: How one store commemorated the news of invasion. It closed down completely for the whole day, so as to give the staff time for meditation and prayer

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

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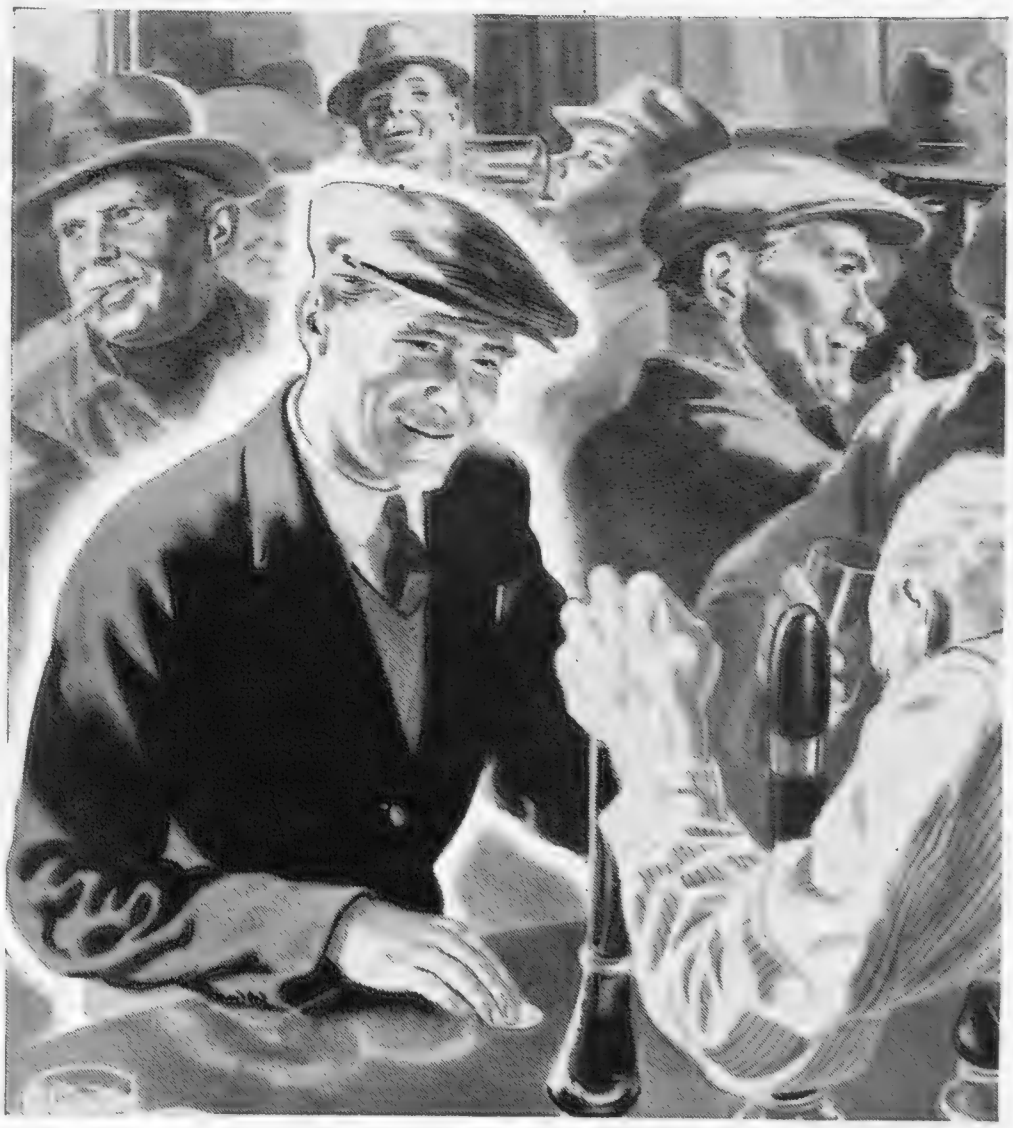

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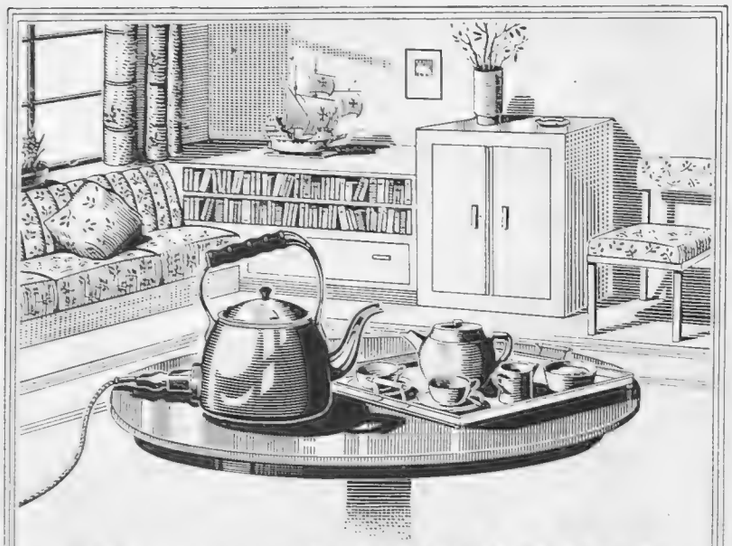

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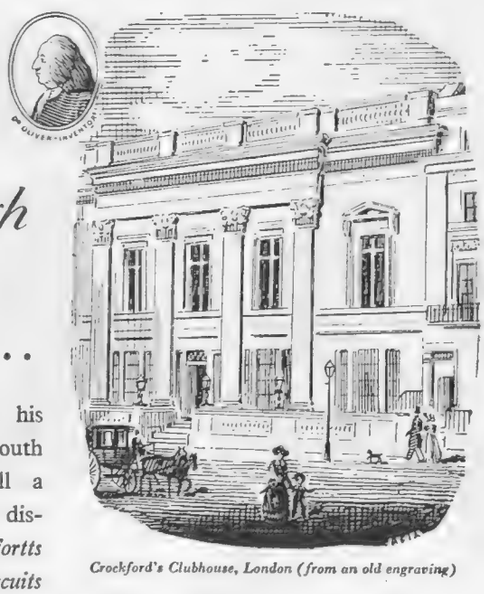

Crockford's Clubhouse, London (from an old engraving)

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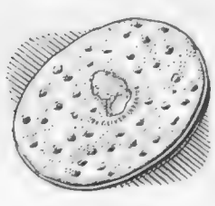

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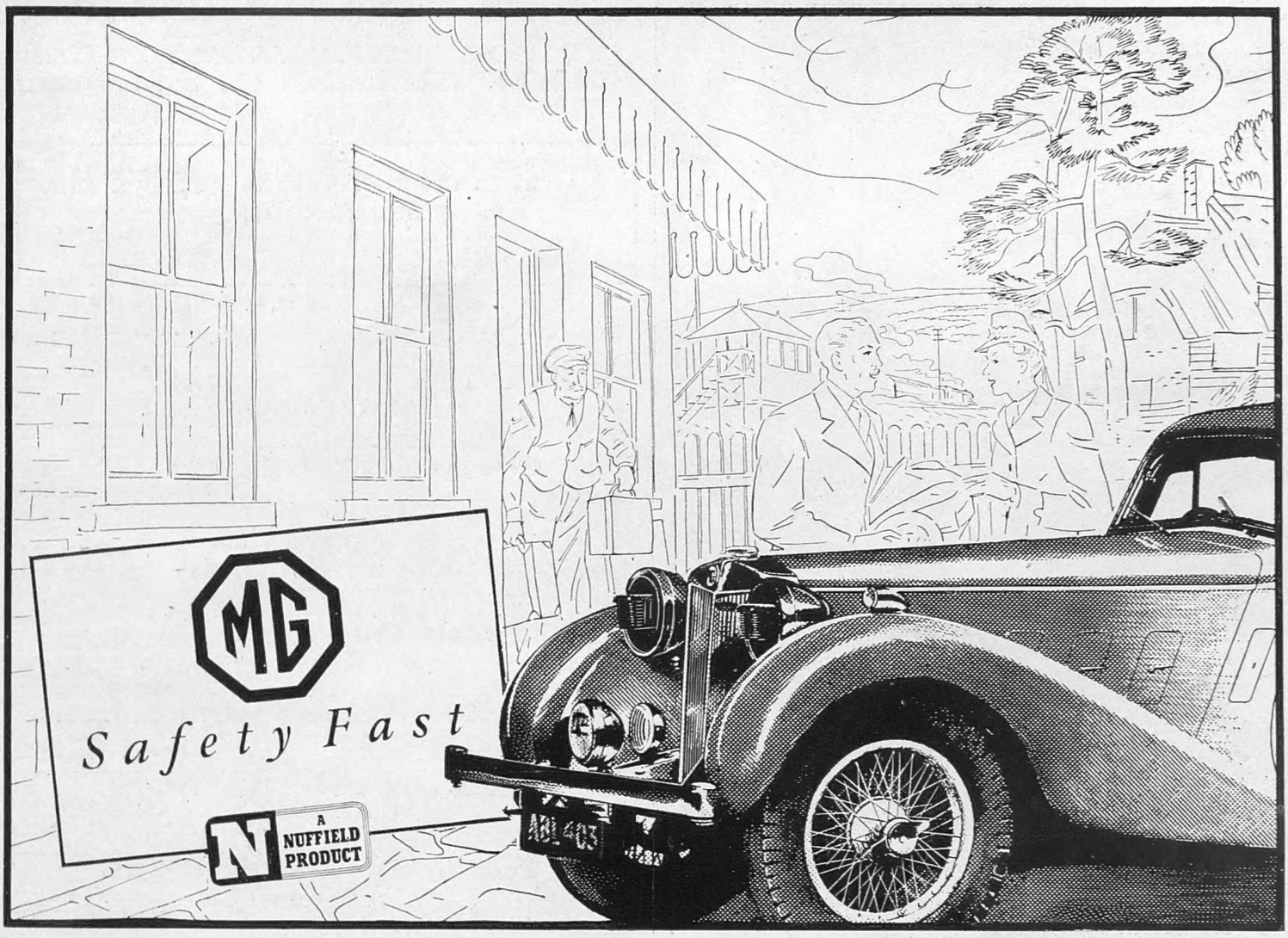

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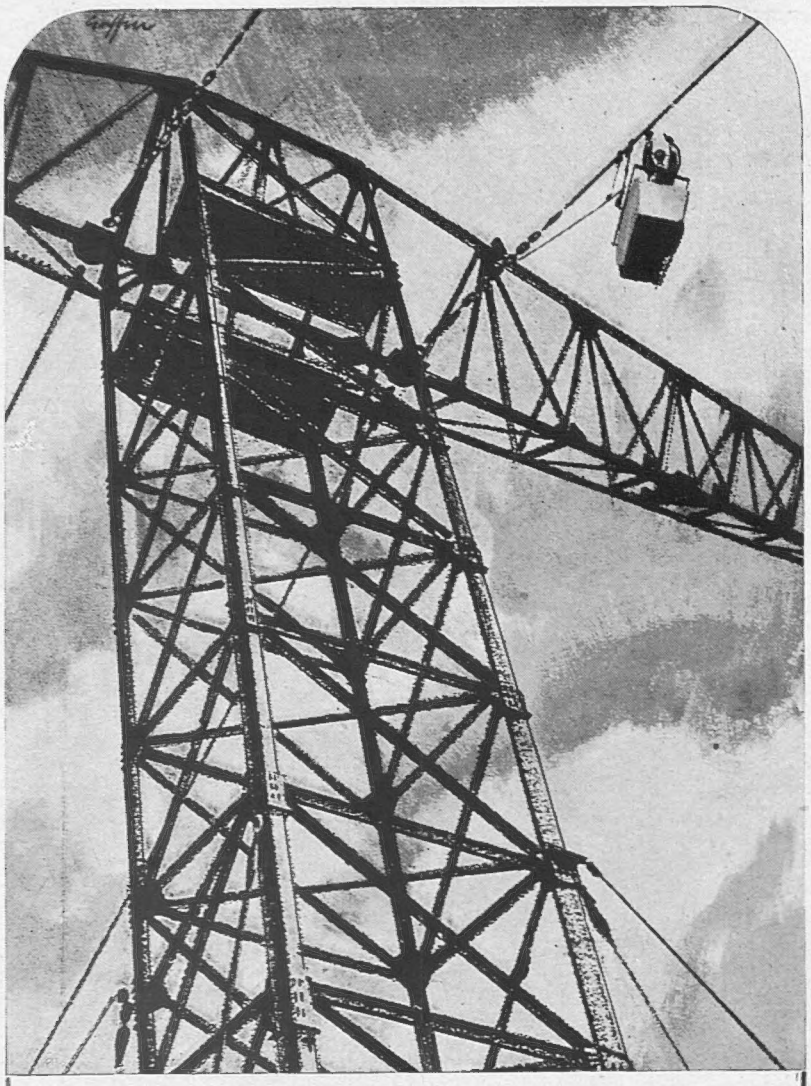

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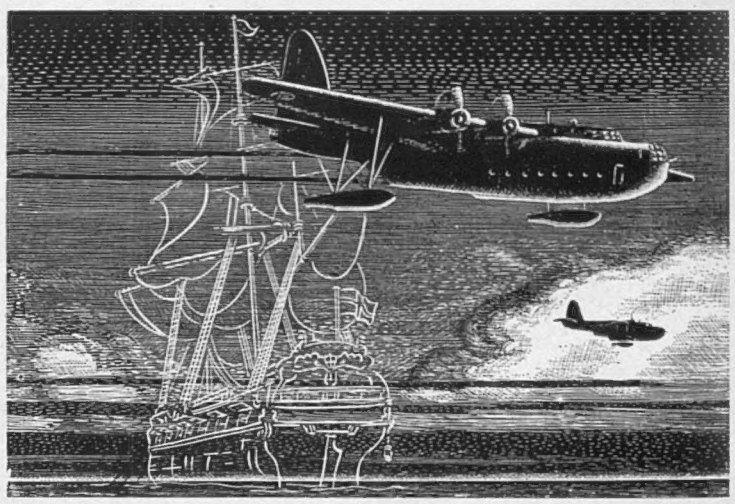

"Heavy odds, Sir Francis..."

HEAVY odds, indeed, against Sir Francis Drake if the Armada had carried aircraft, but no heavier than our foes secured through years of secret preparation. That the United Nations have overhauled their enemies is due in no small part to the skill of their engineering industries and to the speed-up made possible by modern oxy-acetylene processes. The oxygen flame-cutter shapes plates for shipbuilders, cuts out parts of tanks, guns and other munitions at a speed no other method can touch. Oxy-acetylene welding is used in every armament works. The net result is that production has been stepped up to a degree which would have been impossible without uninterrupted supplies of oxygen. The liquid oxygen and compressed gas industry is proud of its work in helping to shorten the odds and bring victory nearer.

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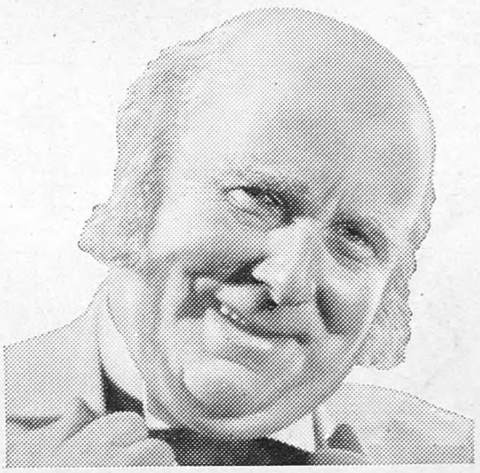

No bottles now, Madam
says OLD HETHERS

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Barley Water from

ROBINSON'S

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EINAI ΤΟ ΤΑΞΕΙΔΙ ΣΑΣ ΕΝΤΕΛΩΣ ΑΠΑΡΑΙΤΗΤΟ; Greek
ER REISEN DERES ABSOLUTT NØDVENDIG? Norwegian
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